The Literary Digest

FOR DECEMBER 5, 1936

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Contents

TOPICS OF THE DAY 3
PARADE 9
FOREIGN COMMENT 10
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE 16
EDUCATION 17
DRAMA AND MUSIC 19
LETTERS AND ART 24
OFF-SIDE 29
DANCE 30
SOCIAL SERVICE 31
RELIGION 33
TOPICS IN BRIEF 34
SPORTS 35
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY 38
ENGINEERING 42
THE SPICE OF LIFE 44

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Mail

Zeppelin

Dear Mr. Gahagan:—Captain Lehmann has asked us to express to you his sincere thanks and appreciation for your having sent him a few copies of the Zeppelin article which appeared in THE LITERARY DIGEST of October 17.

In Captain Lehmann's opinion, and in our minds here, this article is one of the best which has appeared in the United States on airship travel. . . . You may rest assured that your commendation of your recent crossing in the airship *Hindenburg* will serve as an incentive for us to try to improve our service next year wherever it may still be possible.

GERMAN ZEPPELIN TRANSPORT COMPANY.
Berlin, Germany.

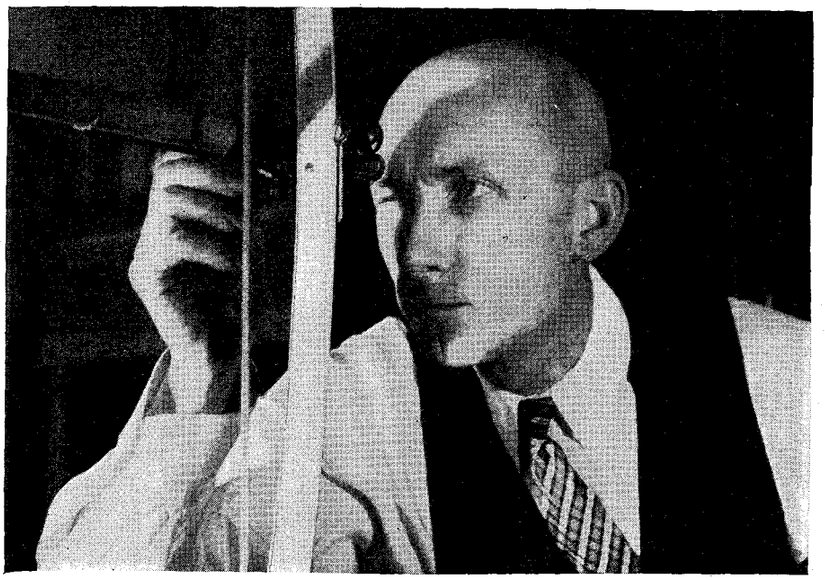
A chat with the rhapsodic Mr. Andrew Gahagan, President of the Beryllium Corporation, inspired the writing of the story on the pleasures and convenience of airship travel. Those who missed the article in THE LITERARY DIGEST may read a reprint of it in the December issue of the *Reader's Digest.—Editor.*

Contests

Sir:—Your article on "Contests" in the November 21 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST was most excellent. However, you left out the addresses of the several magazines and instructors which you listed as having attached themselves to the contest "industry."

Some of these magazines, I'm sure, would be

(Continued on page 43)



By As Little As 3/100,000 Inch

A MEASUREMENT that is finer than the one-hundredth part of a human hair. This man measures the expansion, by heating, of a piece of metal. If this expansion deviates by as little as 3/100,000 inch from the expansion of the material it is to match, only failure can result. Such precise measurements made possible the new all-metal radio tube.

Measurements of equal precision, in General Electric laboratories, are fundamental to the further development of quality in design and manufacture of all General Electric products. Careful measurements made possible the hermetically sealed G-E refrigerator, with its lifetime dependability and its low-cost operation. Precise measurements, by G-E scientists, of electric currents in vacuum tubes have led the way to present high standards of radio reception.

These are but a few examples of the contributions of scientific research and engineering in General Electric laboratories in Schenectady—contributions which have stimulated new industries, increased employment, and provided greater comforts of living.

G-E research has saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar it has earned for General Electric

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK DECEMBER 5, 1936

Topics of the day

WANTED: THIRTEEN MILLION HOMES

Building Boom Begins as Americans Seek Elbow-Room

To a symphony of saw and hammer, the United States will soon be marching into a new era of prosperity. Americans, cramped for years by the depression, want room to stretch their legs. And as they march out of the cities to scour a thousand suburbs for new homes, millions of their fellow citizens will march back to work in the construction and related trades.

The business slump wrapped the country in a strait-jacket as far as housing was concerned. Young couples retreated before the stark reality of dwindling incomes, and returned home to live with Mother and Father. In-laws doubled up. The building industry withered. In 1934, only $76,370,924 went into residential construction, as compared with $2,461,546,270 during the peak year of 1925, according to the records of 257 cities in the Department of Labor's files.

Chorus—Last week, the National Association of Manufacturers joined the swelling chorus of prophets who insist that America is about to burst out of its clothes.

"A considerable shortage of homes exists to-day," it warned. "There is a tremendous need for housing of all types. Estimates of the requirements vary from one million to six million home units. All agree that the real need is for proper low-cost and low-rent housing."

American Federation of Labor economists had said the same thing in the language of figures: by 1945, there would be an accumulated shortage of 13,196,000 houses; it would take 1,320,000 new or reconditioned homes yearly to offset this.

Obviously, a building boom of some proportions was in the cards. Financial prophets, poring over graphs and statistics of building construction no less intently than Roman augurs of old studied the flight and cries of birds, predicted that the upswing would begin early in 1937 and reach its peak, probably, two years later.

However, their calculations were not based on the haphazard superstitious guessing that characterized the forecasts of the ancients. They pointed to better business conditions, which meant fatter pay envelops and therefore the spreading out of families that had doubled up; higher rents, which meant increased demand for homes and apartments; insufficient building to replace dilapidated homes, or to provide for the natural increase in population; the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, which has released frozen credit for reinvestment in new building.

Figures—Estimates of building construction during 1936 and 1937 indicate that by the end of 1936, some 200,000 homes will have been built—about twice 1935's figures. The *American Builder*, watching not only urban areas, on which most housing statistics are based, but rural districts as well, predicts 425,000 new homes for 1937.

Even this increase of more than 100 per cent. can not stand beside the 1925 peak, when 257 cities alone built more than 491,000 dwellings. But it shows that the present housing snowball is teetering on the edge of a long incline.

Confronted with the whopping problem of a shortage that may be worse than that of 1920, when some home hunters offered cash bonuses for information that would lead to the leasing of a house, most builders agree that there is only one solution: large-scale production of small houses, made to sell at from $2,500 to $5,000. Only this price range will accommodate the pay envelops of the 75 per cent. of the nation's employables who earn $2,000 or less a year.

That Government and industry are pitting their best brains against the low-cost housing puzzle is evident from the noteworthy result achieved during the depression years. For example, there is Westacres, just outside Pontiac, Michigan. Here a fund of $850,000, put up jointly by the late Senator James Couzens and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, was used to build homes for families whose incomes average $1,650.

The aim was to build dwellings that could be bought and paid for by the average industrial worker. Begun in September, 1935, the project was completed six months later, and 150 automobile workers and their families moved into brand-new homes that cost them $4,439.44. For their money, they received: three bedrooms, a living-room, kitchen, "utility" room (containing furnace and water heater), garage, and an acre of land.

Economy—Squat, square, half frame and half concrete block, the houses could be sold cheaply because the construction and materials were inexpensive, because low-cost mass-production methods were used—and because they were built by a non-profit organization.

At Mineola, Long Island, Realty Associates, Inc., went Westacres one better. With its eye on the family bread-winner who has only $500 or $600 for down payment and no more than $30 a month with which to amortize a loan under the Federal Housing Administration's twenty-year plan, it built a group of houses to sell for $2,500 and $3,200.

Meanwhile, industry was shooting at low-cost housing from another angle. The

Charles E. Knell

Solutions of low-cost housing problem: homes built by private enterprise at Mineola, Long Island, to sell at $2,500 to $3,200

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Kelvinator Company, with the help of local utilities, constructed 108 demonstration homes in various parts of the country to prove that it is possible to buy a seven- or eight-room house equipped with air-conditioning, electric refrigerator, electric range and oil burner for $7,000. Standardization by means of a unit called the "Kelvinator Package" and standardization of floor plans help to bring down the cost.

While builders and draftsmen have been trying to construct a house that will fit into the low-income worker's wallet, designers have been directing their appeal to his esthetic sense and to the American penchant for practicality. It is a fairly well-established fact that the endless rows of characterless, box-like homes which sprang up in the '20's are as outmoded as the era which produced them. Small homes of the future will stand on comparatively spacious lots, shaded by trees.

They will be grouped along winding roads. To buyers they will present a pleasing variety of design, ranging from Florida bungalow to Colonial Cape Cod.

Prospects—Large or small, they will offer new and exciting possibilities and equipment. As Selma Robinson puts it, in *The American Magazine*, the new houses "almost run themselves." She notes gas and electric ranges with timers that ring an alarm when the roast is done, electric towel driers and garbage crushers, compressed-air machines for blowing sand out of spinach.

Lighting will be almost as effective in the private home as it is on the stage. "In a demonstration house in Cleveland," this writer reveals, "light is used as a painter might use color. If you are in a romantic mood, you may turn on the moonlight. If you have a window facing on a dark court, you may have a light which is the color of sunlight.

"In this house, lights are built into beds for reading.

"There are also lights that shine only on bedroom floors, so that you can arise in the night without disturbing your better half, and keep from stubbing your toe."

Because the building industry normally provides jobs for more than 7,000,000 workers, it is a prime factor in lasting prosperity. Twenty $6,000 houses, built according to principles of large-scale production, will provide jobs for about 520 men. They are employed in relays. The excavators will dig the foundation of the first house, then move over to the next lot. They will be followed by the masons, then by the carpenters, and so on. Working thus in separate gangs, they will get the job done more quickly and at less expense. Three excavators, three masons, two plumbers, five carpenters, two painters, two plasterers, two tile-setters, one electrician, one linoleum-layer, one screener and four landscapers will work on each house.

The twenty houses will mean more work for thousands in other industries.

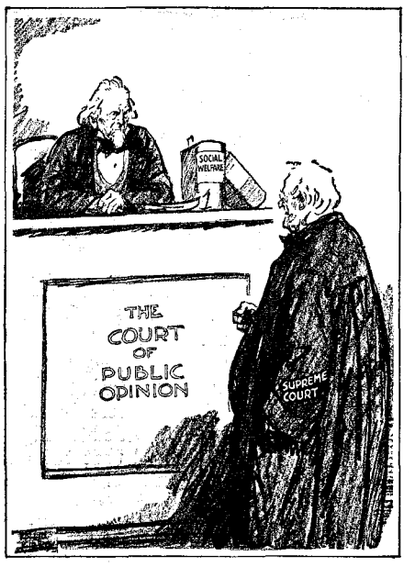
Builders estimate that on such a job sixty firms would provide materials such as cement, lumber and hardware.

Indications—That America has much to learn about the art of low-cost home construction was well illustrated last week, when Thomas F. Nash, British building expert, announced after he had completed a study of housing in this country:

"I would like to have a chance to build thousands of British dwellings at $3,000. I would make a lot of money, indeed. For something less than $3 a week, including the purchasing price financed over a period of twenty years, 8,000 Britishers have bought Nash-built homes near London."

But 35 per cent. of the cost of building a home in America is the cost of labor. Builder Nash admitted that "our workers never can aspire" to the wages paid to American bricklayers, carpenters.

It is probable that the auto-trailer and the prefabricated house are marking the course which housing must ultimately follow in America. Industrialists have a clearly-defined objective for which these two developments are merely substituting: the completely package home with five rooms, all the latest time-saving and labor-saving devices, a garage, and instalment-plan purchasing—the familiar trail which the auto industry has been blazing.



REVERSING THEIR POSITIONS

—Rollin Kirby in New York World-Telegram

JOB INSURANCE: Supreme Court, Four-to-Four After Election, Upholds New York Law

Four-to-four. . . .

Last week, as post-offices throughout the nation distributed millions of Social Security blanks, four Justices of the United States Supreme Court affirmed the constitutionality of New York's unemployment insurance act.

Thus, the initial major decision by the Court since the Election was a draw. Four Justices upheld the judgment of the New York State Court of Appeals that the act was constitutional; four disagreed. One was absent.

With the ink of their signatures on Social Security blanks scarcely dry, many persons saw in the decision a likelihood that the Federal Social Security Act would likewise gain the Court's approval even if Justice Stone, the ailing absentee, did not vote. Perhaps a change of heart had entered the august group, a new liberal tendency.

On April 25, 1935, Governor Lehman signed New York State's Unemployment Insurance Act. Four months later, President Roosevelt signed the Federal Social Security Act.

In many quarters these were viewed as distinctly New Deal experiments. The question of the hour became: What will the Supreme Court say?

Then came the Election. How the people felt about the Social Security Act, and New Deal experiments generally, was clearly indicated. But the Supreme Court . . . ? Even the Administration was in doubt about the reception of neutrality action cases, the right of PWA to make loans for municipal light plants, the Utility Holding Company Act, the Wagner Labor Act, and State and Federal social security legislation.

Now the first step has been passed. The New York State Unemployment Insurance Act has been upheld.

Speculation—But is the Supreme Court really following the election returns in this instance? Can the New Deal expect less chilly treatment from the Court, hereafter? Specifically, will the Federal Social Security Act, with its provisions for unemployment and old-age insurance, pass muster when it comes before the Court for a test of its constitutionality? There is little evidence in the recent decision to answer these questions affirmatively. The only thing settled is that the New York law stands.

In effect since last January, this law taxes employers of more than four persons to pay benefits to employees who lose their jobs. It applies to 76,000 employers, about 2,500,000 workers. The tax ranges from a low of one per cent. of pay-rolls in 1936 to a top of 3 per cent. in 1938 and thereafter. The minimum benefit is $5 a week up to sixteen weeks, the maximum $15. There are essentially similar laws, covering 8,000,000 workers, in fifteen States and in the District of Columbia.

Brevity—Upheld in the State's highest Court, the New York law reached the United States Supreme Court early last month. Last week, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes dismissed all arguments against it in twelve words: "Judgments in these cases are severally affirmed by an equally divided Court."

As usual, the black-robed Justices assembled when the hands of the court-room's gold clock pointed to noon. As usual, they entered through red velvet curtains behind the bench and took their seats. Justice Stone, ill, was absent. Chief Justice Hughes picked up a typewritten sheet of paper, read his few lines and passed on to other business. It took moments for the significance of his words to penetrate the minds of spectators; moments for them to recall that when the Supreme Court is evenly divided, a lower court's decision stands.

But soon there was a stir in the court-room, and soon there was another in the nation. Chairman John G. Winant of the Social Security Board hoped that, "with the situation cleared" by the decision, all other States would hurry to pass unemployment insurance laws. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor was encouraged to believe that the whole Social Security Act, with its old-age insurance for 26,000,000 wage-earners, would be held constitutional.

Press—Newspaper writers from coast to coast banged away at their typewriters.

Portland *Oregonian:* "A tied decision does not erect a precedent, and this fact, coupled with the nature of the case, leaves us still as much in the dark as to the ultimate fate of the national law."

Cleveland *Plain Dealer:* "The decision rolls away the last barrier against general adoption by the States of unemployment insurance."

Seattle *Times:* "Some New Dealers are

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saying the Court was influenced by election results. . . . At least four Justices were not so influenced, and it is not likely any were."

New Orleans *Item:* "The Court may possibly have done so [followed the election returns] in this case. But an even split between eight of its members is certainly no margin of promise that they will do so in all cases."

Baltimore *Sun:* "Should the hopes of the friends of reform legislation materialize . . . we may find the New Dealers and labor leaders, who have lately been so vehemently denouncing the Court, championing it as a bulwark of American liberties."

Heywood Broun, United Feature Service, Inc., in thirty-six newspapers: "Many have maintained that when the High Bench has spoken, even in five-to-four tones, the decision of the majority becomes fundamental Americanism, and any espousal of the dissent rank heresy. But when the Supreme authority is split into rival quartets, who can say which group sings on key and which is slightly sour?"

Interpretation—Raymond Clapper, Washington Correspondent for the Scripps-Howard papers:

"The best available information is that the illness of Associate Justice Harlan Stone seems likely to keep him away from the Supreme Court for some time. . . . Justice Stone is one of the more open-minded members of the Court. He has tried when the Court was divided on a constitutional question to give the elected representatives of the people the benefit of the doubt. . . . His vote is lost. . . . That is a loss much to be regretted, because the effect of it is accidentally to increase by one vote the power of the four obstructionist Justices.

". . . Continuation of this situation within the Supreme Court can not but tend to bring the Court, as an institution, into public derision. . . . The remedy is simple. It lies within the bloc of four outmoded Justices who cling to their power solely because the Constitution gives them the technical right to do so.

"These are the four: Justice Van Devanter, appointed twenty-six years ago by President Taft; Justice McReynolds, appointed twenty-two years ago by President Wilson; Justices Sutherland and Butler, appointed fourteen years ago by President Harding. . . . All four are over seventy and therefore are eligible to request retirement at full pay. Such a request from one, two, three or all four of these honorable Justices would be gratefully welcomed by many people."

SEETHING SEATTLE:

Hearst Settles Strike, Hires Son-in-Law of Roosevelt as Publisher

Packed trolleys, cable-cars, buses and a mosquito fleet of ferries brought Seattle's working population back on the job as usual again last Monday. But for the first time since August 13 elbows poked outward, thumbing pages of the city's only morning newspaper, the *"P-I."*

The Seattle Chapter of the American Newspaper Guild had settled its strike against William Randolph Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer.* Porters and charwomen toiled overtime in the Sixth and Pine Str ets printing-plant routing a three and o half months' pile of dust.

Scott in Portland Oregonian

The women of Seattle raise a rumpus . . .

On Sunday night twenty-seven journalistic strikers, together with employees who did not walk out, went back to work getting out Monday morning's edition. This week, they will greet their new Publisher, John Boettiger, President Roosevelt's son-in-law. His only order from the press baron who fought his father-in-law tooth and nail in the last election is to make the *"P-I"* Seattle's "best paper."

Quits Movies—Mr. Boettiger last week resigned his post as assistant to Will H. Hays, head of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc., to become a publisher at thirty-six.

Publishing the *"P-I"* will be exciting even for an ex-reporter. Big news is breaking in the sprawling metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. Little more than a country village in 1870, Seattle had boomed to 60,000 at the turn of the century. Since then it has leaped to 365,583 in 1930.

Without slums or tenements, the city records a population 97 per cent. white, 79 per cent. native-born. Only one city of more than 200,000 ranks higher in proportion of home ownership.

Currently, there's a lusty political brawl shaping in a move to oust the Mayor, John F. Dore, former *"P-I"* reporter who played no small part in the newspaper strike.

Short, plump, rubicund, the fifty-four-year-old Mayor has reddish hair, wears gold-rimmed glasses. After a decade in Seattle journalism, working for all three dailies, he taught himself law, passed a stiff bar examination and made a name for himself as a trial lawyer. In 1932 he left the Republican Party to support Roosevelt and since has stuck to the Democrats.

Recall Fight—He was elected Mayor in 1932 as a non-partizan candidate and was called a "business man's Mayor." Last March he was reelected over Arthur B. Langlie, candidate of the New Order of Cincinnatus, independent organization of young voters.

Now calling himself "Labor's Mayor," Dore faces a recall movement accusing him of inciting acts of violence during the *"P-I"* strike. Charges of misfeasance, malfeasance and violation of the oath of office were contained in a petition signed by fifteen women and eleven men. They asked Corporation Counsel A. C. Van Soelen to comply with law by drafting the charges in condensed form so an effort could be made to obtain the 24,000 signatures necessary for a special recall election.

Behind the recall movement are C. Kirk Hillman and H. W. Ross, both former leaders of the Washington Industrial Council, business men's organization, accused by labor-unions of being a strike-breaking group.

Mrs. Gladys M. Selvin, Chairman of the Women's State-wide Committee and wife of the Publisher of *The Business Chronicle Weekly,* is organizing the women in support of the recall movement.

"It's just plain bunk," Mayor Dore shouts at his feminine opponents, as he calls them "fur-clad, perfumed hussies."

Seattle's long-stormy politics has resulted in two Mayoralty recalls—that of Hiram Gill, who was elected in 1914 after his recall in 1911, and of Frank Edwards, recalled in 1931.

Mayor Gill's recall grew from charges of permitting lawlessness to exist to an unwarranted degree in dance-halls operating in violation of city ordinances.

Mayor Edwards's recall developed from charges that he gave false reasons for dismissing the City Light Superintendent and from charges accusing him of reappointing the Municipal Railways Superintendent,

Wide World

Self-taught Mayor Dore of Seattle declares "It's just plain bunk"

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knowing that he was not a transportation expert.

Cincinnatus—Since Mayor Dore began defying his critics, the New Order of Cincinnatus has been recruiting new members at the rate of thirty-two a week for the last six weeks. Formed in Seattle in September, 1933, this Order has no connection with Cincinnati, Ohio, or the group which reformed that city's charter.

The name was taken from Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus, Roman dictator, who lived from 519 to 439 B.C. On three occasions he left his farm to save Rome, thereafter refusing any reward from the people. In three years, the New Order has changed a great deal in turbulent Seattle affairs.

Originally planned as a local movement to take city government out of partizan politics, Cincinnatus has grown until it now has chapters in ten Washington cities, Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco, while another chapter is being organized at Los Angeles. There are 5,000 members at $1 a year, 1,500 of them being in seething Seattle.

NEW ICONOCLAST: Brookings Expert Warns Against Hour-Cutting; Sees Labor Shortage

Drop into the Brookings Institution buildings in Washington after 4:30, find your way to a squash court, look in the glass peep-hole and you will see a stocky, white-haired man of fifty-three whaling the tar out of some one at squash rackets.

That will be Dr. Harold Glenn Moulton, President of the ultrascholarly Brookings Institution, whose publications are veritable Bibles to many top-flight economists, industrialists and statesmen.

Drop into a lecture hall that evening and you may see Doctor Moulton again. If so, and if you too subscribe to many of the economic theories that have been wide-spread under the New Deal, you may hear him say infuriating things. He may say, as he said in a speech a few days ago, that hours of labor may have to be—not reduced—but lengthened. Or that pressure for higher wages may prove to be misguided. Or that we may have to stop worrying about relief of the unemployed before long and worry about a shortage of labor.

To support these startling statements, Doctor Moulton, with the Brookings Institution behind him, can assemble a mass of facts and figures that would stagger an elephant. Moreover, he is as deeply concerned with the public welfare as any one in his audience.

Findings—Starting with the assumption that it is the social function of the capitalist system to bring the masses progressively higher living standards, he holds that this can be done only by increasing wages in relation to prices or reducing prices in relation to wages. Wage increases may be well enough at times, he feels, but at best they reach only about 40 per cent. of the population. So the better answer is reduced prices.

At the moment, he says, the danger is that higher wages, plus taxes, may send prices soaring.

Doctor Moulton has his energetic being on the top floor of the Institution's eight-story office building near the White House. Brimful of vigor, he has been known to run up the seven flights to his office rather than wait a few moments for an elevator. His hobby is sports.

Following football with characteristic thoroughness, he not only knows how the big games come out, he knows the weights of the players. He does not smoke or drink but tells a lively story. "Everybody likes him."

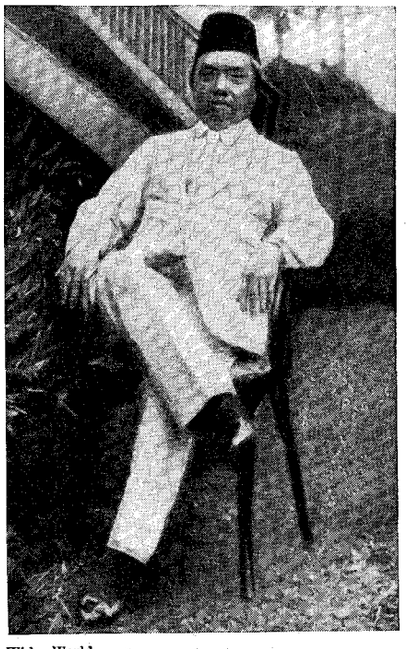
His field is economics and it has made him famous. He has written a whole shelfful of books.

Long connected with the University of Chicago, he has been President of the Brookings Institution since it was organized in 1928. The basic purpose of the Institution is to dig out the facts on economic questions, particularly those relating to government, and to publish them in the interest of public enlightenment and sound national policies. The late Robert S. Brookings, St. Louis business man, furnished the funds to get it under way. Since then it has been helped along by grants from various philanthropic trusts—the Rockefeller Foundation, the Carnegie Corporation.

Investigators—In one of its two buildings are residential quarters for fifteen or twenty fellows—holders of advanced college degrees who wish to plow deeper into certain subjects. A permanent staff of specialists in economics do the Institution's broader investigations—into America's Capacity to Produce, the Formation of Capital and so on—cooperatively. No attempt is made to high-pressure the findings into best-sellers, but they usually live on when the Gone With the Winds are gone with the wind.

Non-profit-making, the Institution also is non-partizan, but both Republicans and Democrats holler when it steps on their toes, and recently it has stepped on several toes of the New Deal.

When Congress meets this winter, to find a Republican contingent feeble, divided and uncertain of its future policies, the real intellectual opposition to some New Dealers' theories may come less from the Capitol than from the Brookings Institution.



Wide World

Mawalil Wasit, Sulu datu, died mysteriously

UNSMILING SULU: Another Sultan Dies and a Would-Be Sultana Is Scrappy

Twice within the last five months newspaper head-lines have sent uncertain Americans to encyclopedias and atlases to learn that Sulu is not a slang term, a new dance-step, or a wild African tribe, but a royal realm of 2,000 palm islands and coral atolls inhabited by a half-million warlike Moros.

Both times the head-lines concerned the death of the Sultan of Sulu, spiritual head of the Mohammedan Church in the Philippine Islands and proud possessor of a genealogy of more than 500 years. In June, Jamalul Kiram II, who enjoyed cocktails and cheerfully lost his royal shirt at his favorite games of fan-tan and poker, left his two-room clapboard palace on the Island of Jolo to join his forefathers.

Death—Last week his brother, Mawalil Wasit, whom Sulu *datus* (chiefs) had appointed to the Sultanate, died mysteriously of "heart trouble." His death plunged the islands into a state of anxiety, for it projected into the Sulu political picture the unpopular and ambitious Princess Dayang Dayang, forty-year-old adopted daughter of Jamalul Kiram II.

When her foster father ascended to the Mohammedan paradise without leaving a son or daughter to succeed him, she saw her chance to seize the throne. Her popularity with the Philippine Commonwealth, which would like to bring the unfriendly Moros completely under its thumb, has made her unpopular with the powerful *datus*, and her bid for power collapsed.

As Mawalil Wasit lay in state last week, his son, Ismale Kiram, a thirty-one-year-old bachelor, was proclaimed the new Sultan, in accordance with Moslem tradition. On his death-bed, Ismale's father had designated him as successor to the Sultanate. The new leader was hailed by 3,000 of his followers who declared themselves ready to use their sharp *krises* in his support.

Notwithstanding a possible civil war, Princess Dayang Dayang flatly refused to recognize Ismale Kiram. She argued that Sultan Wasit had never been officially crowned and therefore could not rightfully pass his title to his son.

Fighter—Skilled in the art of statecraft, unusually clever, and accustomed to having her own way, the Princess is not likely to give up the opportunity of becoming Sultana of Sulu without a bitter fight. Recently she aroused resentment by going through a civil marriage ceremony with her lawyer husband, Datu Umbra. She admitted that her Mohammedan marriage was binding and sacred, but wanted to be married under civil law also "so that whatever action we take under the new Government will be legally considered the actions of a husband and wife."

For some time she and Datu Umbra have been raising a minor international row over sixteen uncharted islands in the Sea of Sulu. Turtle-egg and cocoanut revenue from the islands used to give the couple $150 a month, but the income dwindled to nothing with the coming of Americans to the islands. During the four years of President Hoover's Administration, she and her husband deluged the White House with angry letters about the unfair competition.

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CRIME IN PRISONS: Opera Stars Made Targets in Latest Plotting Inside Walls

"Either you fork up $5,000 in packages of unmarked fives, tens, and twenties, or else the attached picture will be sent out!"

Such a note was contemplated recently by a wide-spread blackmailing chain, would have been sent but for the discovery of the plot.

According to Federal authorities, recipients of the missives were to be Lily Pons, Gladys Swarthout, Rosa and Carmela Ponselle, Lucrezia Bori — music world luminaries. Upon indecent photographs, their faces and heads would be trickily superimposed, made to look natural.

Alleged chief motivator was Peter Koteros, forty-one, of Buffalo, New York, under arrest, now awaiting extradition for trial in North Dakota. He is said to have supplied photographs to Theodore Larson, lifer in the North Dakota State prison, reputed originator of the plot.

George Schultz, prison guard, was accused of acting as go-between. Another convict, Frank S. Fowler, about to be released, was to have distributed the letters.

Vengeful—Larson, a trusty in the prison's Bertillon Bureau, superimposed the heads of the opera divas upon the lewd figures, then rephotographed them to make them appear as originals. His plan was said to be in part a gesture of revenge against a former fellow convict who posed as the foster son of Rosa Ponselle.

News of the plan reached Dell Patterson, Warden, who waited until it was well under way, then called investigators.

Unmindful of the plot, Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout finished rôles in Hollywood films; Rosa Ponselle's engagement to Carle A. Jackson, son of Mayor Howard W. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, of Baltimore, was announced by sister Carmela at Green Spring Valley, Maryland; Lucrezia Bori, retired, planned to take her place in the audience rather than on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Extracurricular activities of convicts while they are in prison have long attracted the vigilance of authorities; some being legal, most illegal. On the pro side of the ledger are writing, inventing, research. Not approved, often nipped in the bud, are counterfeiting, forging, bootlegging, dope peddling, direction of gang activities outside.

Counterfeiting—Last year, Pacific Coast authorities trailed a counterfeit $10 bill. The capture of one ex-convict, passer of the bogus note, led to the arrest of another pair of veteran jailbirds. The trail then pointed to San Quentin Penitentiary, where money-making equipment was uncovered in the engraving and print shops.

Fifteen copper engravings had been made from a $10 Federal Reserve banknote. Green and black ink on high grade bond paper resulted in crisp new currency. The four originators, all model prisoners, won paroles, had the notes passed out to them by a lifer.

A similar case was discovered in a Pennsylvania penitentiary. Back in 1903, four prisoners escaped from Alcatraz Island (Calif.) Prison, by forging signatures, counterfeiting release papers.

William B. Cox of the Osborne Association says that liquor manufacture continues in a number of prisons.

Keystone

Lily Pons . . . plot against her averted

One still was discovered at Portsmouth (N. H.) Prison during the war, then general bootlegging was practised during prohibition until 1933. Most of the liquor, however, is sold for home consumption in the institutions. Similarly, narcotics are largely peddled for prisoners' use, as divulged in the Welfare Island (New York), scandal of several years ago.

Last summer, one intrepid inmate of Sing Sing, New York, was found conducting a huge bunco ring, selling worthless stocks through intermediaries, to persons outside.

Mrs. Ethel Helen Twombly told a Chicago judge that her husband made enough money while in jail, through an invention, to pay all his back alimony of $22,190.

In the past, opera stars, principally male, have been the object of many "breach of promise" or "alienation of affections suits." Enrico Caruso, at the height of his career, was once sued by two women simultaneously, both maintaining he had jilted them. Enzo Pinza, Metropolitan *basso*, recently figured in a similar threatened action in San Francisco.

A number of threatening letters have also been directed at Hollywood stars, with youthful Freddie Bartholomew the latest to need body-guards.

Keystone

Gladys Swarthout . . . another blackmail target

FOOD TASTERS: Experts With Trained Palates Pass on Marketed Delicacies

"Let's drink a toast, boys!"

Warily, one thousand scientists, assembled in the grand ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D. C., tilted bottles upward, sipped, then gulped down Patent No. 939,431.

The occasion was a banquet, with a menu entirely made up of patented or preserved dishes—General Foods Products largely—to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the American Patent System. Patent 939,431 happened to be a hair-tonic cocktail, invented by Frederick Wilhelm Emil Muller of Chicago in 1909, consisting of corn whisky, black currants and sugar—"guaranteed to grow hair on a union-suit button."

The ensuing list of delicacies included lobster meat, preserved by a quick-freezing process; patented cream of mushroom soup; patented filet of red perch; quick frozen fresh roast turkey, killed a year ago but kept fresh by special technique, with dressing made from patented pecans; preserved Lima beans, squash and corn; patented asparagus, lettuce salad, ice-cream, raspberry purée.

Patented Vitamin D bread was buttered with special ultraviolet-rayed butter; patented cream went into *demitasses*, packed by special processes; patented cigars puffed through patented imitation amber holders topped the evening.

Wonderment, doubt, fear of the morrow puckered learned brows.

For three hours the foregathered scientists pecked, tasted, sampled, approved the inventive geniuses who had recently patented foodstuffs.

Meanwhile, not far distant in the nation's Capital at the Bureau of Home Economics, results of a month-long tasting examination were being analyzed. A hundred employees, grouped in eights, had been taking a course of fifteen solutions of gradually increasing strength. To insure taste acuity, two minutes were allowed between each test; the mouth rinsed with distilled water in this interim.

The winter of 1936-'37 will go down as one during which the U. S. Government fancied "taste buds"—those microscopic, ultrasensitive organs at the tip, roots and sides of the tongue.

Influences—Records are being made of the effects of tobacco, fatigue and colds on taste; whether the sense is keener, mornings or afternoons, in youth or old age, male or female, or in any race. The sense of smell is being similarly analyzed.

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics has been tasting baked and canned foods; the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, baking. And the Food and Drug Administration is tasting canned foods and vegetables.

Especially in the case of soy-beans has this been valuable, some varieties proving more palatable than Lima beans or peas, others altogether undesirable, therefore unsuited to cultivation. In Urbana, Illinois, Miss Sybil Woodruff, of the Home Economics Department of the University of Illinois, has tasted 275 varieties and types of soy-beans, six of which she found palatable, ready for culinary use.

Twenty members of the Bureau of Animal Husbandry have passed taste tests, sampled thousands of pieces of mutton,

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Keystone

Winey, earthy, or hidey? . . . Coffee critics

beef, pork. Experts in this field are seldom asked to score more than eight samples at one sitting, with ten- or fifteen-minute pauses between tests. Tart apples are used to refresh the taste buds.

Officially, however, the Government has only one recognized branch of tasters—in tea. At ports of entry, experts sip tea for a living, draw down standard civil service salaries under an Act to prevent the importation of impure and unwholesome varieties. Regular employees of the Food and Drug Administration taste coffee when the Government is a purchaser, do not pass on imports.

Standards—The United States Board of Tea Experts sets the standards by which the imports are judged. Once every year, in February, for one week, seven men sit in a laboratory of the U. S. Department of Agriculture in New York City. They sip hundreds of tea samples, never swallow.

A large, copper cuspidor, shaped like an hour-glass, rests by each expert. Patiently these experts test the hundreds of teas, looking for any low grades, setting a minimum standard below which no tea imported into this country may fall.

Because a brown-shaded leaf is considered best, a practise exists in some countries of coloring inferior leaves with indigo to simulate the desired shade. The experts can usually tell at sight whether this has been done, such tea being barred.

These tasters have their own vocabulary. To describe flavor, tea may be: brisk, full, rich, thick, insipid, grassy, fishy, smoky, flavory, harsh, metallic, acrid, puckery, toasty, malty or brassy.

Qualifications—Requirements to be a tea-tasting expert are a naturally delicate palate, five years in study and practise, moderate living-habits. Experts are divided on their tea-drinking outside; some never touch a cup, others champion it as their favorite beverage.

Tasting coffee is known as "cupping." On a circular, revolving table, flanked by spittoons a foot and a half high, are cups. Grounds are placed in these, boiling water poured over them. Two cups are filled simultaneously; the same coffee, but different roasts.

Coffee can be "harsh or soft"; "sweet, sour or acid"; or "winey," like old wine; "earthy," or "hidey"—tasting of hides.

Aristocrats of all tasters are the wine specialists. These experts, usually *gourmets* as well, can distinguish between the thirty-two kinds of Burgundy Pommard, most of the 2,500 wines of France. Leaders in this profession are much in demand in Europe as well as this country, receive salaries as high as $25,000 a year in cases.

According to G. Selmer Fougner, columnist of the New York *Sun*, wine and liquor authority and author of "Along the Wine Trail," there are only twenty such experts in the world; yet, thousands of amateurs claim the distinction.

In the old days the tax-collector stood at the gates of Paris to sample wines entering the city. In his left hand was a tin cup, in the right a borer to open kegs. With one sweeping movement he would drill a hole, fill the cup, taste, plug the hole and tell which wines were good enough to be taxed and how much.

Alphons Wile, leading taster, says the first thing to note is the color of the wine. It must be clear and brilliant. Red wines must be red, not purple or maroon, never cloudy. White wines must be golden and amber; the body of the wine, sound and clear. Holding a glass to the light reveals age and quality.

Wide World

A plebeian among experts . . . soap taster

Ritual—Then the aroma or bouquet must be tested. To insure the fullest scent, a taster swirls the wine in his glass until there is a slight film around the edge. This causes evaporation, makes the bouquet more distinct.

A small mouthful is taken, rolled around the mouth. Reaching the palate and registering, it is expectorated. "If the taster swallowed all the wine he tasted," said Wile, "he would become confused."

Experts believe tasting should be done before a meal. Tobacco, nicotin, salad dressing, cocktails and head colds are detrimental. There should be long intermissions between tastes, alcohol tending to dull the sense of taste.

Beer is not officially tasted, but is sampled, rather, during the brewing. Then a consulting agency tastes the finished product, analyzes the hop content, bitterness, body qualities. Tasting is also done for the various localities, with different preferences; Philadelphia takes beer very mild; New York and Detroit, fairly mild; Boston and Cincinnati, bitter.

Large department stores employ staffs of tasters, some at home, others to travel abroad frequently. After a European trial the foods are sent home for chemical testing as well.

Delicacies—Abroad these tasters sample plum puddings, biscuits, jams, fruit cake, condiments, pickles, *pâté de foies gras*, fish, olives, raisins, nuts, sardines, spaghetti, cheese, cakes, candies, meat, chocolate, herrings and sauces.

In the cheese business, almost any member of a firm is qualified to tell the brand, origin, characteristic taste. Natural cheeses can be distinguished easily; not so clear, however, are the American processed-package types. A merchant can usually tell if a sample is a full milk cheese or skim-milk, its comparative food value and age.

Smelling is the highly developed sense in the perfume business. The Richard Hudnut Company has insured the nose and olfactory organs of its principal "smeller" for $50,000. Houbigant employs fifteen ingredient experts who smell all materials, check on musk and ambergris.

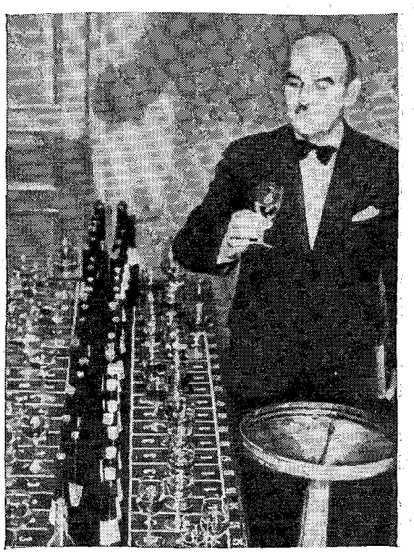
Coty employs a crew of perfuming chemists to blend perfume oils into ultimate scents noted for "roundness" or "sharp tang." One method of smelling perfumes after alcohol and a small percentage of water has been added, is to dip a testing-blotter into the liquid, let it air for a day or two, then smell the dry blotter.

Tobacco—"The only real way to taste tobacco," said a leading English tobacconist, "is to smoke or chew it." Testers watch over the manufacture of tobacco from beginning to end.

Sniffers figure in the snuff trade. Various alcohol companies employ chemical experts in their laboratories to taste for "bootleg" alcohol. In Geneva, New York, Dr. A. C. Dahlberg of the State Agricultural Experiment Station devotes much of his time to ice-cream tasting.

From Kalamazoo, Michigan, enthusiastic tasters of the Onion Anti-Defamation Committee of America met recently in serious conclave to discuss ways and means of educating the American people to care for onions and garlic. Soap companies also have tasters to test their wares.

"Drinking brings out the onion taste in man," sighed a Detroit girl. "Then they want big raw onions."



Keystone

An aristocrat . . . the wine connoisseur

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Parade

"Ah ain't skeered o' gittin' sunburned. Naw, suh," exclaimed **William Pickens White,** sixty-seven-year-old Negro, of Columbia, South Carolina. "Ah mout git red, but that's all. This ole skin ain't gonna see me suffer, even if hit has went white."

After a good scrubbing in a bathtub, White's skin had turned white. Eighteen doctors already had examined him at various times when he noted "peculiar white specks" on his face. They listed the change as vitiligo or leucoderma. White's four children are all dark black.

"Ah feels good as ah ever did," he added. "They ain't no change in mah feelin'. Mebbe one ob mah knees—wal, it hurts, an' sorta wants ter draw up, but ah guess hit's old age an' not reg'lated by mah skin turnin'."

* * *

Highly praised by the Los Angeles press is **Judge Ida May Adams,** who hears the long procession of cases in the city's Night Court. She is said to be the only California judge who opens the nightly sessions with a prayer, asking God to help her deal with all problems presented with wisdom and justice. Judge Adams runs her court on the "heart-to-heart" basis, taking up each case in a personal manner, discussing the issues with the defendants, dispensing with excess formality.

* * *

Peter Sawyer unanimously won the Presidency of the Niagara Falls Liars Club from twenty-five other contestants with a yarn about a horse on the Saratoga track. He told of Space Ship, a favorite who started so fast he threw the jockey, then stopped at the half-way mark. "What had happened," Sawyer recounted, "was that he had perspired so much, trying to win, that he wetted down the track and made it ankle deep in mud and got stuck."

* * *

Far from the tennis court, **Helen Wills Moody** is busily designing clothes, an outgrowth of her ability at drawing and painting. She has just finished her first creations and plans to specialize in sports garb.

Wide World

Helen Wills Moody . . . courts to costumes

"What I've been hoping for is that we're now heading into an era of good feeling," declared **Sherwood Anderson,** author. "I think we had one once before, when Monroe was elected, when everybody kind of worked together and when people had a sense that living rather than succeeding was the important thing. I believe in democracy and I think people have got a kind of horse sense if you clear things a little for them."

* * *

Bewildered but thrilled by American women, sky-scrapers and the wealth of art now showing in the United States, **Ambroise Vollard,** Paris art collector, returned to France after a brief visit. "I thought as I first saw the sky-line that the Americans would be a race of supermen," he said. "I decided that New York City must be peopled with giants to be able to build such marvels and still not be swallowed up by them."

* * *

Heading the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo on its fourth transcontinental tour is **Tamara Toumanova.** The highly successful dancing troupe is playing throughout the

Hurok Attractions, Inc.

Tamara Toumanova . . . before the curtain rises

United States for thirty weeks, visiting many towns seldom the hosts to international touring companies. Among these are Canton, Ohio; Ottumwa, Iowa; Spartanburg, South Carolina; Richmond, Indiana; Beaumont, Texas, and Eugene, Oregon.

* * *

"Why don't the papers merely carry routine notices of play openings?" asked **Leslie Howard,** actor. "That would do away with the function of the critics, and incidentally save the newspapers a good deal of money. After all, it is the general public which makes a hit of a play."

* * *

On his arrival in this country, **Lord Beaverbrook,** English publisher, predicted there would be no European war now, as all nations were afraid to set off the powder-keg. "Furthermore," he stated, "it is obvious Britain will not be a party to attacking or denying the right of blockade to any sea power. . . . England is steadily throwing off Continental entanglements."

* * *

The temperature in Hollywood may have

Warner Bros.

Cold camera catches Warner Bros. starlets

hit "unusual" degrees of heat recently, but filmdom's playboys and playgirls can always drive two hundred miles into California's mountains for winter sports. Warner Brothers recently sent three of their contract players—**Jane Wyman, Marie Wilson** and **June Travis**—up to the snowy slopes for tobogganing pictures.

* * *

"I gave up living in France," stated **Dorothy Farnum,** American writer, "simply for the pleasure of going back to it. I also believe that the secret of successful screen writing is in the scenes you do not write."

* * *

"Playing swing music on the harp," sighed **Casper Reardon,** musician, "is simply heavenly. I started out loving the classics and ended up hating so many of those who loved them." He further observed that when a musician says he plays numbers "out of this world"—it is the term in swing language for "extraordinary."

* * *

In seriousness and sincerity, the three **Marx Brothers** have opened a campaign to erect a statue in honor of the mother-in-law. "And for once," Groucho stated, "we're not joking. We mean it. For a long time, comedians have labored under the impression that mothers-in-law should be the butt of gags. We've come to the belief that such jokes really are resented by many people."

* * *

Weary of being called witty, **Dorothy Parker,** author, told the Western Writers' Congress that the whole matter was becoming a nuisance. "Of course I don't say all the clever things attributed to me. Yes, maybe once in a while. I don't like it and you wouldn't like it, either. I sit down to a dinner. 'Be funny,' they say. And I don't want to. It's a horrible situation."

* * *

Arriving at Waterloo Station, London, in a dense fog, **Lincoln Ellsworth,** explorer, coughed and turned up his coat collar. "Typical London weather," he muttered. "I won't have the voice of a foghorn left by the end of the week." Scheduled to speak before the Royal Geographic Society on his flight in the antarctic regions, Ellsworth will return to America next week.

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AMERICA'S GOOD NEIGHBORS AT HOME

Roosevelt Dramatizes Contrasts Among Their Régimes

Liborio Justo sounds rift in the lute . . .

Latin enthusiasm glorified the ideal of democracy in the western hemisphere last week, as spokesmen of twenty Central and South American Republics, gathered in Buenos Aires, welcomed President Roosevelt to an Inter-American Peace Conference dedicated to the task of working out an American League of Nations. Many were the references to Simon Bolivar, who led South America through its struggles to wrest independence from Spain and Portugal more than a century ago.

But even as the cruiser *Indianapolis* sped Franklin D. Roosevelt from Rio to the Argentine, field guns of the Calderon artillery regiment in far-off Quito, Ecuador, boomed an ultimatum to Dictator Frederico Paez to resign or die. Paez did neither, but before the uprising was quelled, fifty artillerymen and loyal police had died because of him, and a hundred others had spilled some blood.

Thus the President of the United States —fresh from an overwhelming democratic victory at the polls—dramatically personified the contrasts among the Americas. His reelection had been a symbol of free suffrage unhampered by government interference in a country where army coups are impossible and dictators unknown.

First to welcome President Roosevelt was graying President Augustin P. Justo of Argentina, host to the Conference. But while Buenos Aires outdid itself to interpret President Justo's cordial welcome and desire for peace, his own son, Liborio Justo, was bitterly accusing the Argentine executive's régime of entering into a treaty with England "thoroughly inimical to Argentina's economic growth," and denouncing his Government's "repressive activities."

Warning—Would such ugly words obtrude upon a conference devoted to peace? *El Mercurio*, pro-Government daily at Santiago de Chile, devoutly hoped not, since "any reference to this subject in the course of the Conference might prove untimely, in view of the fact that many of the South American Governments do not at present possess strictly democratic forms."

Paradoxically, to pessimistic critics the "Good Neighbor" policy of President Roosevelt only serves to strengthen the iron fists of several undemocratic rulers of these Republics by according them equality. They cite recognition by the United States of force-won régimes in Nicaragua, Guatemala and Honduras, in spite of the pact between the United States and the five Central American Republics—the two others being El Salvador and Costa Rica—which in 1923 provided that recognition shall be denied to "any Government in any of the five Central American Republics which has its origin in a *coup d'état* or a revolution against a recognized Government."

What of the rest of Latin America? The following brief outline leaves the reader to judge whether Bolivar's ideals still guide *Uncle Sam's* "good neighbors":

Argentina: President Justo, sixty-year-old General, rules by a policy of compromise between the recently formed coalition of the Right Parties (the National Front) and that of the Socialist and Radical Democrats (the Popular Front). Gained power when, in 1930, he organized a rebellion against the then radical President Irigoyen; ousted him. His power is cushioned on the mighty minority of landowners, big business men and Army officers. Last year, he was guardedly sympathetic toward the Fascists, led by Raimundo R. Meabe, who demanded abolition of all parties. Fearing a Leftist victory in the 1937 Presidential elections, Rightists have drifted toward Fascism. Meantime strikes and labor disorders have so paralyzed legislation that Justo threatens to govern "in the form which appears most convenient."

Bolivia: This year, Chaco War Veterans, to prevent President Tejada Sorzano from perpetuating his power, staged a bloodless coup and replaced him with their young hero—Col. David Toro. Ostensibly a Socialist, Toro established a military *Junta* of Army men and civilians and promised thoroughgoing social and labor reforms to benefit the proletariat. Soon civilians were thrown out of the *Junta* and, assuming the rôle of a Fascist dictator, Toro declared a state of siege, banned public meetings, ordered all men between the ages of eighteen and sixty to work, hired an Italian mission to reorganize the police and ordained that all employees and employers must register in their own syndicates under police supervision. Reason: Communist menace.

Brazil: Faced with a wave of Communism and revolt, especially last year, President Getulio Vargas changed the Constitution and obtained power to declare a state of siege in order to try prisoners in military courts. Arrests of radicals being frequent, a movement is on foot to revise the Constitution and prolong the President's term, which expires in 1938.

Chile: With elections in the offing, President Arturo Alessandri's régime, propped by the die-hard land-owning oligarchy, strenuously struggles against the popular demand for liberal reforms. An extensive railway strike this year gave him an opportunity to rally the Army and Navy on a war footing, suspend Congress and declare a state of siege for three months. Arrests of several hundred Communists, including Cabinet Ministers, retired Army officers and newspaper publishers and their seclusion in concentration camps followed.

Cuba: While President Miguel Mariano Gomez, a liberal, officially heads the Government, the real power is Col. Fulgencio Batista, Chief of Staff of the Army. Gomez is the seventh President since the tyrannical Machado was ousted in 1933.

Dominican Republic: Only one political party, under the one-man rule of President Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, whose Congress, according to Charles A. Thomson of the Foreign Policy Association, merely meets "to give legislative sanction to the policies laid down by the Executive."

Colombia: Under President don Alfonso Lopez a liberal Congress revised the Constitution in the teeth of bitter conservative and clerical opposition. New "Magna Carta" recognizes that "property is a social function which implies obligations," permits government intervention in industrial and private enterprises for the public welfare.

Costa Rica: President Leon Cortes Castro, elected last year, is the standard-bearer of the National Republican Party, head of "one of the last strongholds of free speech and free press," according to the New York *Times*.

El Salvador: "General Martinez insured the perpetuation of his dictatorship for another four years by securing reelection . . . under supervision of the well-equipped Army," says *The Times*.

Paraguay: "Col. Rafael Franco has chosen 'big time' dictators as his models," according to *Current History*.

Honduras: Dr. Venancio Callejas, Nationalist Party leader, finds, notes *The Times*,

Wide World

of peace pæan by his father, President Justo

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that "the press has been completely muzzled" and that 6,000 Hondurans have left the country rather than suffer "Cæsarlike tyranny."

Venezuela: After twenty-seven years of ruthless dictatorship under Juan Vicente Gomez, Gen. Lopez Contreras was elected to complete the Presidential term. His first words: "If democracy exceeds the bounds of law and order, I shall meet force with force."

Uruguay: Mild dictatorship of President Gabriel Terra.

Guatemala: Tho a President is barred from succeeding himself for a period of twelve years, Gen. Jorge Ubico managed to get reelected by suspending the Constitution and enforcing a "plebiscite."

Peru: President Don Oscar Raimundo Benavides, sternly opposed by the proletarian Apristas, a few weeks ago induced his Congress to nullify the election which returned his Social Democratic foe to power and had himself reelected for another three years, in violation of the Constitution.

Haiti: President Stenio Vincent had himself reelected by a change in the new Constitution.

DEMON DUELIST: Hungarian Would Fight 100 Times, if Police Would Let Him

Around the turn of the century, the swashbuckling Richard Harding Davis, embroiled in controversy over New York's military defenses, challenged a *Sun* reporter to a duel.

The ungallant young man, who knew his rights, chose the weapons—custard pies at six paces. America laughed, and scarcely a citizen declined to raise his hat to the poltroon thereafter.

In Central Europe, however, a gentleman's word or a woman's honor still calls for defense under a code which dates back to the late middle ages. It retains such fine distinctions as this:

"Where the lie direct is the first offense, the aggressor must exchange two shots previous to apology, or three shots followed by explanation, or fire on until one is hit. The only satisfaction for a blow is to offer a cane which is to be laid on the offender's shoulders. If a blow be an answer to giving the lie, the lie is merged in the blow, which becomes the sole offense."

Civilization—Legal bans and the International Anti-Dueling League—it held its first meeting at Budapest in 1908—have tended to civilize the combats.

In England, Jeremy Bentham, waging a lonely battle against the unnecessary slaughter on the Field of Honor, proposed that a man who cast aspersions on a woman's name wear her dress as punishment.

His solution could give no satisfaction to a duelist of delicate sensibilities. Dr. Franz Sargas, the Hungarian hero of seventeen duels, who last week grew to challenger of international fame, would hold it beneath contempt.

The heart beneath his brawny chest still thrills to the ancient code. Sargas married above him, socially and financially. Son of a Budapest jeweler, a merry wag of a man with none of his boy's martial propensities, Franz courted and won Magda Darko, daughter of a university professor and granddaughter of Bela Schober, President of the Anglo-Hungarian Bank and one of Budapest's wealthier citizens. The old man lives so formally that the butler announces his own children when they call.

Romance—Magda stopped calling last winter, after she met Sargas at a ball. To the twenty-year-old girl and man of thirty-five it was love at first sight; to Grandfather Schober it was all so distasteful that he offered to buy her a count if she would throw over the insurance clerk. Instead, Magda ran away, turned up in a sanatorium, then eloped.

Her story-book family cut her off and, she asserted, hounded Sargas out of his job. Budapest's young bloods—the story goes that Magda had refused fifty of them—gossiped furiously. Forgetting her vivacity, her slimness, her red-gold hair and the green eyes that had lured them, they accused Sargas of marrying her for her money—or prospects.

The raging romantic immediately sent seconds to thirteen detractors, charging they had assailed Magda's honor, and that of her unborn child.

A Court of Honor, consisting of four experts chosen for the occasion, exonerated four prospective victims. Sargas practised up for the other nine, and his opponents, including two of Magda's cousins, crowded the city's fencing-gymnasia and scurried around clubs engaging seconds, umpires and surgeons, until Budapest's supply of experts was nearly exhausted.

Delays—Military duties and vulgar business appointments postponed the duels for days.

The first victim chose pistols. Sargas, who had made tentative, unsuccessful offers to sell the story of his prowess to the American press, borrowed $10 from a friend and rented the antique weapon. In the cool, gray dusk, the combatants met in a wheatfield near the Capital and strode off fifteen paces in the stubble. Sargas, who reaches only to the nose of his five-foot-five wife, looked like a fat little owl behind his thick spectacles.

They tamped the powder and balls into the long-muzzled guns in the anachronous glare of automobile headlights. The umpire counted three, and the shots exploded simultaneously. Both missed, then embraced. Only his vision, the astygmatic d'Artagnan alibied, prevented his wounding his opponent. His vision must have improved, for the next got a scratch on the hand.

Elated, the maddened Magyar trouped the night-clubs, tossing challenges right and left among the champagne buckets, until his list stood at a round 100. Then the police, who ordinarily have the good taste to wink at the law, stepped in. "This nonsense has to stop."

Dismayed, Sargas threatened none the less to meet this week's appointments. His bride, who expects to become a mother within the month, waxed philosophical:

"We will manage somehow. Altho my grandfather has disinherited me, we still have an income of 20 *pengoes* ($6) a month. We may go to America to seek our fortune."

Where the passage-money will come from is something of a mystery. The penniless and jobless Sargas hasn't even the $10 for the rented dueling pistols he used on Nos. 1 and 2.

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Dr. Sargas and his wife . . . "I could not love thee, dear, as much, loved I not honor more"

HERO OF MADRID: Kleber Checks Rightists by Sudden Thrusts as Winter Comes

Tho icy rains and bitter winds slowed all but artillery firing, long trains of battered trucks, buses and private cars rumbled out of Madrid's single open road to the east throughout the week.

Spain's Leftist authorities were struggling to move 300,000 women, children and old men out of range of Insurgent shells and air-plane bombs which have rendered more than a quarter of the city completely uninhabitable, and which have killed and

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wounded more than 2,000 non-combatants since the siege began nearly four weeks ago.

Among the buses lurching through the rain were two which, along with several private cars, were packed with fifty-seven Americans.

Eric C. Wendelin, plucky Third Secretary of the Embassy, and only American diplomat not to flee to the safety of Hendaye, France, was shepherding all he could gather of the American colony to safety. Big man among them was Col. Sosthenes Behn, President of the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, who installed Spain's only telephone system a few years ago. After a night of hard driving in the rain and a four-hour breakdown of one of the buses, the Americans reached Valencia, where fifty were taken on board the cruiser *Raleigh* and the destroyer *Hatfield,* which then steamed up to Barcelona for another fifty.

As they left Barcelona, their officers saw the answer of Great Britain and France to Gen. Francisco Franco's threat to blockade and shell the Government's principal port.

Near the lighthouse and directly in line with any shelling of the city, lay the French cruiser *Dupleix* and H.M.S. destroyers *Garland* and *Grenville,* flotilla leader *Covington.*

Italian and German war-ships, outside the harbor since July, ostensibly to "protect their nationals," had disappeared.

Call to League—At Geneva, the League, avoiding difficult problems when possible, was desperately disturbed by a call from Spain for League action "against the armed intervention of Germany and Italy."

Government forces, barely holding their own a fortnight ago, so shaky that recognition of the Insurgent command as the Government of Spain by Hitler and Mussolini seemed the *coup de grâce,* suddenly stiffened last week.

Desperation—First, news leaked out that the recognition had been in response to a desperate wail by Franco that unless he received help, and quickly, he could never take Madrid. Second, at the head of two "columns" of French, Italian and German anti-Fascist volunteers from Barcelona, marched an unknown man whose air of quiet competence, authority and confidence was new in hysterical, bewildered Madrid.

Unmilitary, in laced leather boots and gray lumberman's jacket, forty-year-old Emil Kleber marched his two columns straight through Madrid and out to University City, where the Insurgents were capturing building after building. He halted them in their tracks, and in a few hours had driven most of the attackers out of the University district and surrounded 2,000 of them in one of its buildings.

In an explosion of enthusiasm, Madrid rechristened Emil Kleber Emilio, made him a General, placed him in command of all foreign or "international" columns (now numbering twelve), and of the whole Northwestern, and most heavily attacked, sector of the defenses.

"It would be a great mistake to credit the International columns with saving Madrid," he said quietly, as soon as he had had time to answer questions. "Spaniards, more than our men, are carrying the heavy burden. But the Insurgents have lost. It is too late for them to take Madrid—ever."

Austrian-born, Vienna medical student at the outbreak of the World War, Kleber fought three years with the Hungarians on the Russian front, was three times

Black Star

"THIS IS FASCISM"

wounded, won the Silver Cross for bravery, was made a captain.

After the Armistice he left ruined Austria for Canada, came to the United States, and, at loose ends, enlisted in the Regular Army, was shipped to Vladivostok with the ill-omened Expeditionary Force sent to Siberia to stop Bolshevism.

There, he "saw how things were," changed over to the Red Army. By 1923 he was back in Canada, was naturalized, went to China, fought in Chinese armies for three years, returned to Europe saturated with hatred of Fascism, determined to spend his life fighting it.

Polyglot, he speaks more languages than all his mixed troops put together, is experienced in every type of war, gave Madrid's defenders more confidence than even the new military supplies which last week began arriving in quantity.

Loyalist Thrust—Loyalist forces attacked the Insurgent rear at Talavera, important road junction southwest of Madrid, and, tho repulsed, forced General Franco to withdraw part of his forces from before the Capital.

Other Government troops suddenly took several villages far in Franco's rear near Burgos, his old headquarters.

Still other Government forces opened a drive along the coast toward San Sebastian.

Black Star

"FASCIST TERROR WILL NOT SUCCEED"

INNUENDO ON EDWARD:

British Press Ends Silence on Monarch Friendly With Mrs. Simpson

Innuendo about King Edward's friend, Mrs. Wallis Simpson, previously barred from London newspapers, crept in last week and even colored the august columns of the London *Times.*

In an editorial unprecedented in its implications, the ultra-Conservative daily presumed to apprise the ruler of his place in a constitutional monarchy. The article hinged on the appointment—nominally by the King but actually by the Cabinet—of a professional politician as Governor-General of South Africa. "It is a position—the position of the King's Deputy no less than that of the King himself—" the paper moralized, "that must be kept high above public reproach or ridicule and that is incomparably more important than the individual who fills it.

"The King's Deputy, like the King himself, should be invested with a certain detachment and dignity, which need not at all preclude his contact with all sorts and conditions of people, but which are not so easily put on as a change of clothes."

Press War—The King's well-known sympathy for all sorts of people, as dramatized by his recent visit to Welsh miners, set off another press war. "He went to see for himself," the sensational and popular *Daily Mail* stated succinctly. "The contrast to the way in which national questions are customarily approached can escape nobody. . . . How often does a Minister go boldly forth to see for himself and measure a problem by independent judgment, following this with immediate action?"

The *Daily Telegraph,* nearly as Tory as the *Times,* published a heated warning that "those who would make a whip to beat the Ministers out of the kind and human feelings that the King has shown are not helping the special areas, but are doing a great disservice to His Majesty." Angrier than ever, the *Times* blared:

"The King's constitutional position is above and apart from party politics, and those who cherish the institution of monarchy will always strive to keep it so."

The trip so increased his popularity with the masses—and many believed this was Edward's intention—that every glimpse of him aroused loud cheers in cinemas. David Kirkwood, Glasgow Laborite, violated the rule that the monarch's name may not be mentioned in the House of Commons, suggesting that he had advocated abolition of the hated means test. "We can not bring the King's name into debate," the Speaker ruled, amid shouts of "Order!"

The outspoken *Week* found the editorials an index of the "lengths to which the Old Guard at the palace is prepared to go in its intransigeant last ditch fight."

Portent—To the weekly *Cavalcade,* the flurry portended worse storms to come: "*The Times,* which represents a *clique* of

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Conservatives, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, has for weeks been preparing, in case of need, a pontifical leading article on the constitutional power of the King, including his power with Parliament, his power to disband the Army and sell the Navy, or to marry a commoner and raise her to royal status."

Meanwhile the usual gossips chronicled the latest on the King's and Wallis Warfield Simpson's affairs. The monarch, it was said, heard further protests from Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, who thereupon called a special Cabinet meeting to discuss the friendship. The King will drop her, it was also said, or he will name her Duchess of Lancaster on his Coronation and marry her soon thereafter.

Mrs. Simpson's mail has reputedly leaped to 300 letters a day—largely denunciatory. According to rumor, one threatened to bomb her, and an extra police officer got a job at Cumberland Terrace, inspecting all packages and even the emptied garbage-cans.

One touching story had the forty-two-year-old King protesting to his advisers, "I am now happy for the first time in my life and I wish you would leave me alone." It recalled a story they tell in Virginia about Alice Montague, whose aristocratic family objected when she wanted to marry poor, tubercular Wallis Warfield. "I love him," she protested, "and I'll marry him if we have to live in the gutter." She did. Within a year their daughter Wallis was born, and Warfield dead.

PEACE PRIZE: Nazis and Fascists Attack Nobel Awards to von Ossietzky and Lamas

"What I saw of War only confirmed my earlier opinion of it—that war brings terror and despair to mankind, and that there is nothing heroic about it."

Karl von Ossietzky, for four years an officer in the German Army during the World War, pacifist and Editor of the one-time antimilitarist *Weltbuehne* (World Stage), three years ago faced his country's Supreme Court and fearlessly assumed responsibility for an article he had never written.

A fortnight ago, after almost three-years' hard labor in a Nazi concentration camp, the stalwart pacifist made first-page news when reports were cabled from Oslo, Norway, that the Nobel Prize Committee had decided to give him the Peace Award.

Recipients—Last week, the Committee, avoiding explanation, announced two winners of the Peace prize: Karl von Ossietzky, for 1935; and Carlos Saavedra Lamas, Argentine Foreign Minister, for 1936.

Spotted by newspaper correspondents at the Berlin West End Hospital, the militant pacifist flushed with repressed joy and tuberculosis as he mumbled:

"You will understand I can not say anything in my position."

In far-off Buenos Aires, the Argentine peacemaker, who was scheduled to preside at the Inter-American Peace Conference this week, modestly explained that by what he had done he had merely "interpreted faithfully the principles of the Argentine people."

His spirit unbroken despite the torture

Wide World

David Kirkwood . . . violated Commons rule

he is said to have undergone at the hands of the Nazis, von Ossietzky knew he hadn't the glimmer of a chance of cashing in the $39,000 prize, whose bestowal had caused the two Norwegian Cabinet members of the Nobel Prize Committee to resign from it on the ground that "the prize-awarding might affect foreign nations' feelings and interests."

Trial—Von Ossietzky came into the international limelight in 1931, two years after his publication had printed an article in which Walter Kreisler, its aviator-author, had criticized the Reich's increased aircraft expenditure and asserted that "soldiers are murderers." Writer and editor were brought to trial. Both were accused of betraying German military secrets, and their trial was secret because the Supreme Court feared that "the security of the State may be endangered."

They were hastily sentenced to serve one and a half years in jail, when the prosecution maintained that the article tended to give a false impression abroad by accusing

Lotte Jacobi

Karl von Ossietzky . . . martyr to peace

the Reich of clandestinely arming in violation of its treaty pledges. The then comparatively uncensored German press took warning, for it realized that the trial, held long after the incriminating articles were published, was to serve as a grim lesson.

Rearrest—When the Nazis came into power in 1933, the released pacifist was rearrested on general suspicion, altho he had repeatedly declined to leave the country, even with the connivance of the authorities. Now, however, indications are that von Ossietzky would neither be permitted to receive the award nor to leave the country, despite his release from prison.

Calculated to set off a bombshell of denunciation, invective and defiance at the world's Leftists and to inspire spirited attack by the Nazi press, a Berlin official communiqué characterized the Oslo award as "an insolent provocation and an insult to the New Germany." The winner was mercilessly tagged "a notorious traitor" and a "traitor to his country, condemned by the highest court."

Italian Fire—Both awards drew withering fire from Italy's Fascist press. The Rome newspaper, *Lavoro Fascista*, denounced the Argentine statesman (who, ironically enough, last year received the German Red Cross from the Nazi Government for his work in furthering world peace) as an "incendiary fireman" and denounced the German winner as "an anti-Nazi."

"Saavedra Lamas's doctrine of not recognizing the *fait accompli* of the victory in East Africa," it commented bitterly, "was calculated to reach in the shortest time true European and world significance."

Widely hailed by international liberals, authors, statesmen, educators and social leaders as a standard-bearer of the struggle against Fascism, von Ossietzky was nominated in 1934 by the defunct German League for the Rights of Man. But the award went to Arthur Henderson, British statesman.

Last year, the Swiss National Assembly and the Norwegian Labor Party joined other world peace bodies in naming him for the same prize, but the Nobel Committee failed to make the award.

WHALING: 200 Fast "Catchers" Ready for Opening of Short Season With Limited Take

At one minute after midnight of December 7-8 the world's surviving half million whales, once innumerable, become fair game during ninety days for 200 fast "whale-catcher" ships in antarctic seas waiting, harpoon-guns loaded, for the dawn.

Keelless to facilitate swift turning and twisting and, because keelless, rolling in the polar swells like no other craft afloat, shipping the world's coldest seas everywhere except on the gun platforms in their high flaring bows, the fleet awaits the first "blow" of the year.

The Hunt—A low, bushy, forward-tilted spray will be recognized instantly by the sharp-eyed Norwegian lookouts as that of a sperm whale, favorite game of nineteenth-century whalers. A clouded puff of mist close to the water as that of the fast fin whale, "greyhound" of antarctic waters. If a thin jet spurts high and straight the

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watchers will know that they have sighted a right whale; and if the jet is very high and straight it will be a great blue whale, or sulfurbottom, largest living animal, known to reach eighty or ninety feet in length, seventy-five tons in weight, to be larger, in fact, than any prehistoric giant known to science.

High in the lurching bow of each "catcher" waits the gunner, Norwegian even in the Japanese whaling fleet, and aristocrat of the hunt. Earning in boom times as much as $40,000 a season, he now grumbles along with a mere $7,500. Man with a secret, he permits only Norwegians to approach his firing-platform. If the whale dives before the catcher-ship is within the 90- to 120-foot range of his gun, the gunner can tell by the tilt of the high-flung flukes where he will reappear, even if that should be two miles away—and will be waiting for him.

If the whale does not dive, the gunner, whipped to and fro on a lunging gun-mount which would cause even an experienced naval gunner to spray the sea for miles around, swings his swivel-gun and fires.

Into the whale aft of his middle tears the six-foot shaft of Swedish-tempered steel. Three seconds after it leaves the gun, a bomb in its tip explodes. Four 12-inch barbs spring out at an angle of 15 degrees.

The Kill—Death with the bomb harpoon is swift, no matter how huge the whale. Tho there may be a short period of playing him, using a steam deck-winch like a trout fisherman's reel, he is soon hauled alongside dead. If one of the sinking whales, he is quickly pumped full of air through a hose, then allowed to float, with a company flag thrust in his carcass, while the "catcher" bobs away after the rest of the school.

Late in the day the catch, one or several, is towed back to the floating "factory" where the ancient miracle is reversed, and a ship swallows the whales.

The Product—Rent, chopped, sliced and put through mincing-machines, the carcass, as well as the blubber, is fed into a battery of giant pressure-boilers using forty tons of fresh water a day while boiling. Any good "factory" can slice and chop a whale in two hours; and when the catchers are doing well the "factory" crew work twenty-four hours around the clock.

Varieties of Whales

For the enforcement of the International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling, signed by the United States March 31, 1932, and effective January 16, 1935, the United States Government lists forty-two species of whales, as follows:

RIGHT WHALES
Atlantic right whale
Arctic right whale
Biscayan right whale
Bowhead
Great Polar whale
Greenland right whale
Greenland whale
Nordkaper
North Atlantic right whale
North Cape whale
Pacific right whale
Pigmy right whale
Southern pigmy right whale
Southern right whale

GRAY WHALES
California gray
Devil fish
Hard head
Gray back
Rip sack

SEI WHALES
Bryde's whale
Pollock whale
Rudolphi's whale

BLUE WHALES
Blue whale
Sibbald's rorqual
Sulfurbottom

FIN WHALES
Common finback
Common finner
Common rorqual
Finback
Fin whale
Herring whale
Razorback
True fin whale

HUMPBACK WHALES
Bunch
Humbacks
Humwhale
Hunchbacked whale

LEAST RORQUALS
Davidson's piked whale
Little piked whale
Minke's whale
Sharp-nosed finner

Restrictions

Calves or suckling whales, measured from tip of snout to notch of fluke, not to be hunted:

Blue whales..60 ft. Sei whales....40 ft.
Fin whales...50 " Least rorquals 18 "
Humpback whales .....35 ft.

One 78-foot whale, weighing 63 tons (the equivalent of 100 steers), broke down into 8 tons of blubber, 40 tons of flesh and bones, and 7 tons of "innards" and whalebone.

A 12,000-ton "factory" with a crew of 180 and a battery of 20 pressure boilers can devour a dozen whales a day.

As it comes out of the boilers, the oil is graded as carefully as wheat; the two top grades from pure blubber, pale yellow oil, faintly fishy, are mostly used in cosmetics and comestibles such as margarin.

A darker, more acid oil is boiled out of the residue left from the first two grades; and from the flesh and bones, boiled together, oozes a still darker "bone oil."

Last and lowest, from the left-overs, is drawn a dark and highly odorous oil fit only for machine lubrication.

In 1854 the total oil harvest was 12,000,000 gallons. This year it will probably total 70,000,000 gallons.

Conservation—To avoid complete extermination of the half million (estimated) whales still alive, the chief whaling countries, Great Britain and Norway, this year postponed the season's beginning from October 1 to December 8, on the theory that each whale gains 20 per cent. in oil content during the extra two months. They also agreed to shoot no whales later than March 7, to send no more than seven "catcher" ships with each factory, and to limit the total take to 2,500,000 barrels of oil.

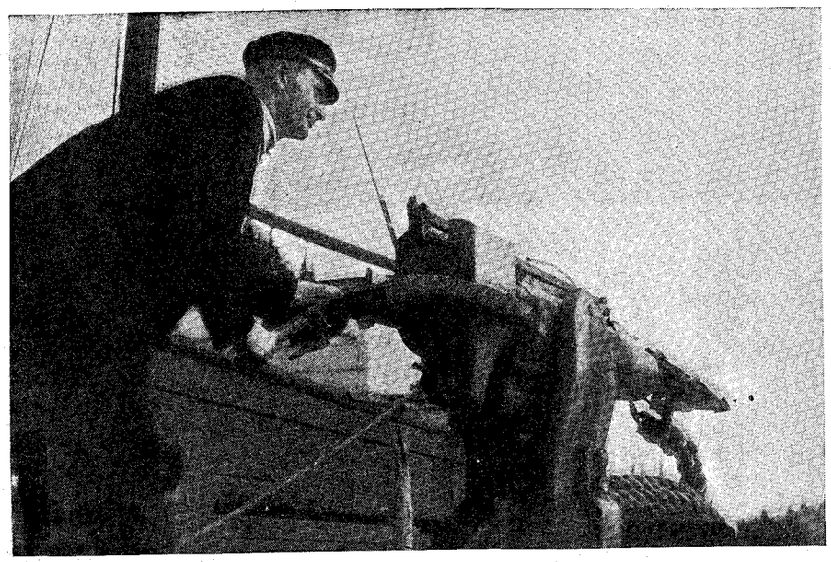
Late in the spring the whole fleet will make its home-ports clotted with grease and battered by pack-ice, its 10,000 men reeking with whale aroma. The oil will go to market to end in soap, watchmakers' oil, cosmetics, imitation butter, leather dressing, glycerin, and the rendered residue into fertilizer.

Except for man, the whale's worst enemy is one of the dolphin family miscalled the "killer whale," a 25- to 30-foot fish which lives by forcing open the mouths of even the largest whales and biting out great chunks of tongue. Whales have learned to recognize this enemy and live in terror of him. But they learn too slowly to recognize the sound of the smooth-running "catchers'" propellers as the signal of approaching death, and but for man's own self-imposed restraints would be exterminated as was the bison.

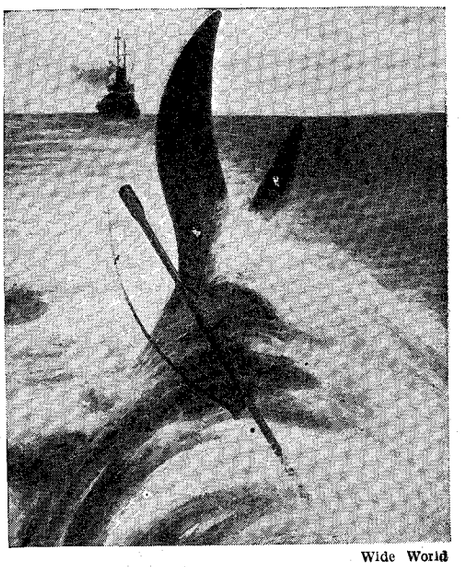
RUSSIAN TUMULT: Nazi-Japanese Alliance Infuriates Soviet Constitutional Congress

Shifting uneasily, murmuring "What's it all about?" Ambassadors or their representatives hurriedly summoned from every Embassy in Berlin except one (the Russian) waited at noon last Wednesday in the office of Chancellor Hitler's special representative, Herr Joachim von Ribbentrop.

Tall, blank-faced, von Ribbentrop in faultless morning clothes, and short, spectacled, less faultlessly morning-coated Viscount Kimitomo Mushakoje, Japan's Ambassador, entered. They signed and sealed



Ewing Galloway



Wide World

The harpoon gunner aims his swivel-gun and fires . . . sudden death to the whale from the bomb harpoon

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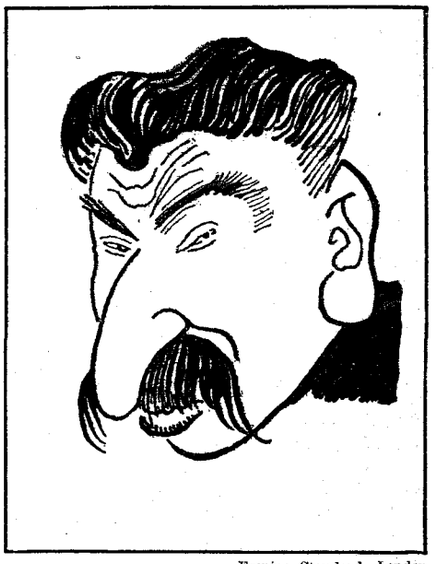
Jo Metzer © 1933 Philadelphia Inquirer

Daily Express, London



Evening Standard, London

Alliance: Emperor Hirohito and Chancellor Hitler join hands against Comrade Stalin, who seems more concerned about the new constitution

a short document. Copies were distributed to the puzzled diplomats.

Alliance No. 1—Back in their Embassies, still wondering why an agreement with Japan should be signed, not by German Foreign Minister Konstantin von Neurath, but by Germany's Ambassador to Great Britain, the diplomats found the document to be a five-year defensive alliance against, not a country, but a Committee, the Communist Internationale, headquarters, Moscow.

The single sentence of Article I pledged Germany and Japan "to mutually inform each other concerning the activities of the Communist Internationale, to consult with each other concerning measures to combat this activity, and to execute these measures in close cooperation with each other."

Preamble, Articles II and III, and the short supplementary protocol were but repetition and trimming.

Not one of the diplomats, as he read the pact, but believed it was merely the showpiece of several pacts, including an out-and-out military alliance against Soviet Russia.

Alliance No. 2?—Maj. Gen. Hiroshi Oshima, Nipponese military attaché, has been conspicuously present at the signing, causing the assembled Ambassadors to nod their heads knowingly. That, they felt sure, meant a military agreement signed in the next room with only German and Japanese witnesses.

In Tokyo however, a Foreign Office spokesman denied the existence of any other agreement than that against the Komintern, was emphatic that no military alliance existed. Striving to convince hearers that the Komintern alone was sufficiently dangerous to justify the impressive formalities, he let a cat or two out of the bag.

"In Japan, since the Seventh Soviet Congress, the extreme Leftist movement has become more energetic . . . has crept into the channels of lawful agitation. . . . The Japanese Government finds it necessary to take more rigorous measures of self-defense. . . . In Manchukuo also, it has tried to organize cells, to win over and instigate bandits, and direct raids," he said.

Last Congress—Timed to the second, the signature of the pact coincided with the arrival in Moscow of 2,500 delegates to the Eighth, and last, All-Union Soviet Congress called to adopt a new and, to the rest of the world, unexpectedly democratic constitution—and resign.

Shaggy fur-coated trappers, felt-booted collective farmers, brightly clad brown men from the Kirghiz Steppes, some of whom had traveled for weeks by reindeer, dog-sled or camel crowded into a packed hall with shoddily dressed town-workers to discuss and adopt a constitution which since June has been dinned into every hamlet daily, many times daily, by radio, and constantly by press and swarms of speakers.

Constitution—In spite of the 154,000 suggestions received for alteration of the document, it was slated to go through as written, including:

1. Universal suffrage for all citizens over eighteen.

2. A Supreme Council, or Parliament, of two houses: (a) A Council of the Union, of approximately 500 members elected directly, one for each 300,000 of the population; (b) A Council of Nationalities, 207 members, ten from each of the eleven member Republics of the U.S.S.R., five from each of the seventeen autonomous socialist Republics, two from each of the six autonomous Provinces.

3. Amendment is to be by not less than two-thirds vote of the two houses of the Supreme Council.

4. Almost any one is eligible for election to almost any office.

5. Candidates may be put forward by "social organizations, societies, trade-unions, youth organizations, cultural societies, Communist Party organizations."

6. On private ownership of property: "Personal ownership by citizens of their income from work, and saving, home and auxiliary economy of objects of domestic and household economy as well as of objects of personal use is protected by law."

7. Land, mines, waters, forests, mills, factories, railway, water and air transport, banks and large agricultural enterprises are State property.

Tumult—From sober discussion of their carefully prepared fundamental laws, the Congress was thrown by the Japanese-German pact into a tumult of furious fulmination against the signers.

Premier G. M. Krutoff of the Far Eastern area of the Soviet Union announced that the Great Northern Railway, duplicate of the old trans-Siberian, but far enough north to be safe from Japanese attack, was finished, said Siberia was "ready," and promised a "crushing blow" to any enemy. Cossacks, Ukranians, steel-workers, Army men, strove to outdo each other, promising attackers "such a beating as history never saw"; "steel, hot steel"; and comparing Adolf Hitler to everything from a pig to objects with unprintable names.

Calming the uproar, Josef Stalin managed to pass most of the second day of the Congress explaining the Constitution clause by clause.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Monrovia—To be held for life as a hostage against further revolt by the Kru tribes, "King" Nimley (LITERARY DIGEST, November 7, 1936), captured leader of the Four-years' War against the Liberian Government, has been transferred in chains to a remote native village where he will live under constant guard, and, at the first sign of further Kru rebellion, be executed. Until he made an affecting plea for mercy, Liberian President Edwin Barclay had intended to sentence him for life to hard labor on a chain gang.

* * *

London—Twelve "color carpets" stretches of road surface in pastel colors including green, pink and amber, have been laid in Buckinghamshire, where the Highways Technical Committee is testing them for visibility in night-driving.

Green, pleasant by day, is too black at night. Yellow has stood the tests best thus far, retaining its brightness after wear and during rain. When tests are completed, it is intended to apply generally throughout the British Isles the color selected.

* * *

Valieres, France—Rather than pay what she considered excessive taxes on her residence here, Mme. Du Fau, choosing the moment of the annual firemen's banquet, burned her house and herself in it.

* * *

Bratislava, Czechoslovakia — To avoid paying the duty on new shoes, cheap in this country, Austrians and Hungarians from across the border have them "aged" when they buy them. Shoe shops have had to install grindstones for the aging process.

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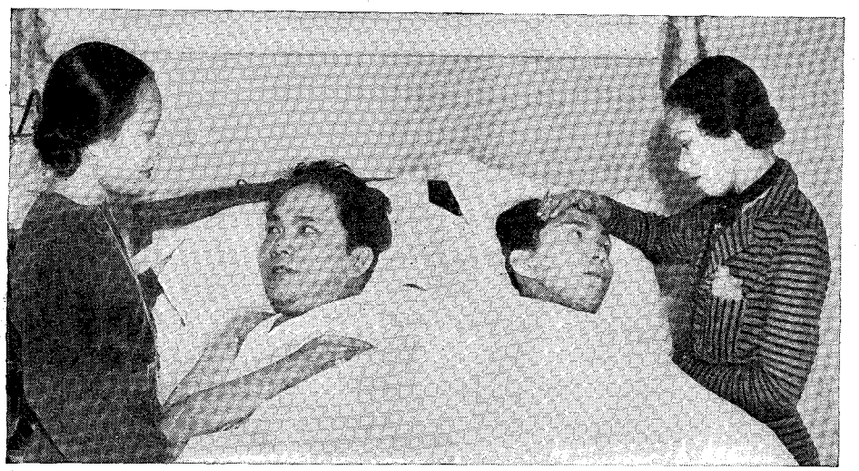
SURGEON CUTS TWIN'S LINK TO DEATH

Survivor of Siamese Pair Enabled to Live by Unique Operation



Acme

Simplicio and the late Lucio Godino before they were separated

Into the glistening white operating-room of a New York hospital one night last week were wheeled two men, one living, the other dead. Swart, nervous Simplicio Godino, twenty-eight-year-old Filipino, rolled his eyes toward the corpse of his brother lying at his side, stared anxiously at white-robed surgeons faced by an emergency unprecedented in their professional careers.

Simplicio Godino, anchored to a corpse by a thick cord of musculofibrous tissue at the base of the spine, knew that death awaited him if he were not immediately severed from the body of his brother Lucio. Lucio had died forty-five minutes before of rheumatic fever. Simplicio and Lucio were Siamese twins; never before in medical history had an adult Siamese twin survived severance from his brother.

Severance—Without benefit of anesthetic, for the surgeon's scalpel was slicing into the tissues of a dead man, the eight-inch thick cord of muscular tissue which linked the living with the dead was severed. Simplicio's large intestine protruded into the muscle band, joined with the dead Lucio's in a common cloacal channel. The separation, described as a "routine amputation," was complete in forty-five minutes. Next day, upon Simplicio, surgeons performed a delicate bit of plastic surgery diverting his large intestine to its functional passage, which was normal except for lack of intestinal connection.

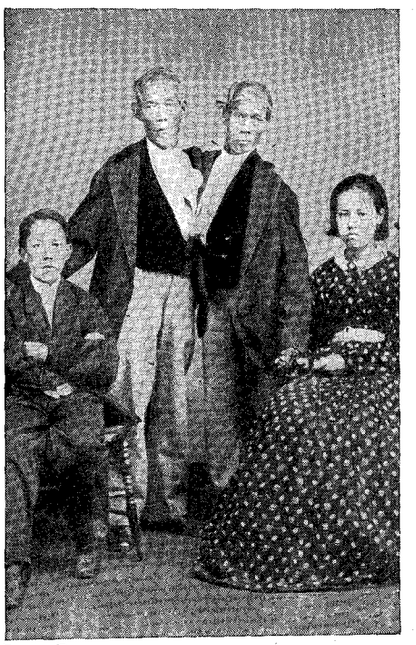
To the fact that the Godino twins possessed separate circulatory and nervous systems, Simplicio could attribute the lengthening of his life. The Godinos could have been separated years ago by a comparatively simple operation, but refused, preferring to enter vaudeville, being ballyhooed as the only male Siamese twins in the world.*

Siamese twins, medically known as conjoined twins, derive their popular generic title from Chang and Eng, Phineas T. Barnum's "Rarest of Dualities, Ne'er Apart Realities." Chang and Eng, born in Siam, were united by a ligature three and one-half inches long and eight inches in circumference, formed at the extremity of the breastbone and extending down toward the abdomen. They acquired a fortune under Barnum, lost it during the War Between the States, accumulated another, retired to a North Carolina farm, married and left a notable record of fecundity, Eng fathering twelve children, Chang ten. Chang died in 1874 of brain hemorrhage, Eng submissively died two hours later, apparently of fright, according to post-mortem.

Inquiry—The first autopsy in a case of the kind made in the new world was performed in Santo Domingo on July 18, 1533, at the request of the Church, which wished to learn whether a pair of conjoined twins had one soul or two.

Conjoined twins are by no means rare, occurring approximately once in 50,000 births, but usually the twins are born dead.

When they survive and reach adulthood, a distinct character pattern is evident: The twin on the right talks less, but makes final decisions for the pair. Often, if both are attacked by the same disease, only one will die. One twin is invariably shy, the other energetic; one lacks confidence, is serious in manner; the other is aggressive. Timidity and self-consciousness in one are balanced by quick temper, alertness and sociability in the other.



Brown Bros.

Chang and Eng, original Siamese twins: between them they had 22 children

Simplicio was the stronger of the Godino pair, Lucio the one who usually made decisions. One of a pair of conjoined twins is stronger than the other, result of struggling and winning a victory for the same food supply *in utero*. Simplicio Godino, who for twenty-eight years walked backward while Lucio walked forward, must now orient himself to a new physical world in which he can roll over in bed, navigate revolving-doors, move without consulting the intentions of a partner.

Causes—What accounts for twins, triplets, quadruplets, quintuplets? Multiple births are caused in one of two ways, say embryologists. Fraternal twins are the result of two fertilized ova, may be of different sexes, resemble each other but slightly. Identical twins result from the division of a single fertilized ovum, are always of the same sex, physical counterparts of each other. Siamese twins are always of the identical variety.

The tendency to bear twins is hereditary, multiple births most frequent in older women, usually following previous confinements. There are nearly 4,000,000 twins in this country to-day.

Siamese twins, double monsters, two-headed infants, numerous other malformed types, all occur under the category of identicals. A reduction of the metabolic rate of the fertilized cell is thought to bring about its division. Instances are numerous in which infants have been born with two heads on one body, two heads and shoulders and one torso, twins sharing the same heart and stomach, bodies tapering to fish-like tails from which rudimentary feet protrude, heads with a single eye at the root of the nose. Minor malformations are more common, such as the redundancy of a sixth digit, usually a replica of the little finger or little toe. Imperfect closure along lines of embryonic junction often results in a hare-lip.

Siamese twins are usually happy, carefree, with a ready made occupation provided them by nature, slight tendency to introspection. Almost invariably, conjoined twins marry, following the precedent of Chang and Eng. Simplicio and Lucio Godino were both married to sisters, Victorina and Natividad. Daisy and Violet Hilton, conjoined twins of Brighton, England, currently treading American vaudeville boards, recently staged a wedding with much fanfare of trumpets at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

Spectacle—There, last July 18, before 5,000 witnesses at 25 cents a head, Violet was married to James Moore, a trombone player. New York, New Jersey, Illinois had previously refused her a marriage license "on moral grounds." Daisy, right-hand member of the pair, is yet single but says, "I'll be married myself one of these days." And, referring to the Moores: "They hardly know I'm around."

Only once has a Siamese twin ever borne a child. This was a normal offspring of Rosa Blazek, Siamese sister of Josephine Blazek. For a reason unknown to medicine, female Siamese twins are more common than male. With the death of Lucio Godino, the world is currently without a male pair of conjoined twins.

*Other conjoined twins, vaudeville rivals: Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Gibbs sisters.

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SUPPLY HOUSE FOR DISSECTING-TABLES

Human and Animal Bodies Collected for Use of Scientists

Greaseless, domestic human skeletons, guaranteed lively, sold last week for $105 each; smaller, second-quality specimens, imported, brought $75.

Raw material, however, was scarce, because Soviet Russia, chief supply source, decided this year to keep its dead comrades for Communist dissection. Last year, it exported to this country $5,713 worth; this year, none. Local dealers looked around for new markets.

In a drab brick building at the edge of the campus of the University of Rochester, Director Dean T. Gamble and Board Chairman Frank Hawley Ward, of a world-famed scientific supply house—Ward's Natural Science Establishment—began negotiations with Poland to supply fresh bones for veteran osteologist Oscar Kirchhoff to rig up as if alive.

Thirty-seven-year-old Kirchhoff learned the craft from his father, who was imported from Alsace-Lorraine soon after the foundation was established in 1862 by scientifically-altruistic Henry A. Ward, Rochester natural science professor and grandfather of the present Ward.

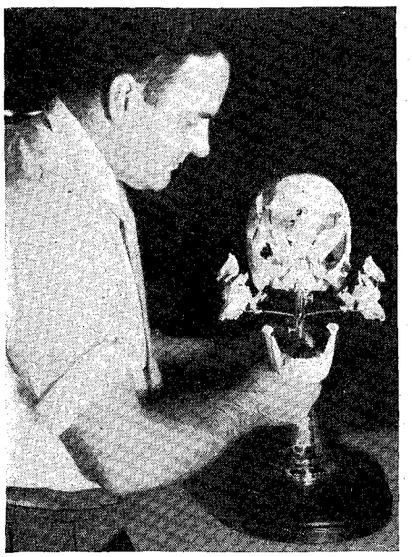
Dexterity—In twenty years of practise, his sensitive fingers have acquired the dexterity of a Mayo in wielding scalpel and scissors on human, animal or bird flesh. He can rip the tough tissues from an elephant or rhinoceros or cut away the tender flesh from fragile humming-bird bones with equal ease.

Last month, Kirchhoff put the nickel-plated brass hinges on his most recent human skeleton. Three months ago, the body was donated by a medical school which found its octogenarian remains unfit for student dissection. Here's how it was done:

By careful dissection, the bones were removed and scraped clean. Next, they were freed of all grease and flesh by immersion in a solution of water at body heat and trypsin, an enzyme used by the human digestive tract to absorb flesh. (This process is known as maceration.) Next, dry and slick, they were reassembled, strung up with metal so the skull, arms and legs could be removed for inspection, placed on a polished wooden base, crated up for shipment. Ward's guarantees its own skeletons to move as if alive, it makes no such claims for foreign models.

It is hard for Ward's and other establishments to obtain bodies in this country because strict State and local laws forbid sale of unclaimed morgue bodies, give them instead to medical schools and hospitals, where they are embalmed, familiarly nicknamed, taken apart and put back together again and again for the advancement of science and the edification of embryo doctors. But laboratory skeletons, tho they may last through a whole generation of students, seldom evolve into the classroom or museum's familiar rattling bony marionettes that jump at the pull of a cord.

Cats—Human skeletons, however, are only a small part of this gigantic scientific undertaking establishment's trade. Cats, because of their structural similarity to human beings, are greatly in demand by college and university biological laboratories, and cost only $19 each. So do chickens.



Greaseless, domestic human skulls to order

"Ligamental" skeletons are made of all birds and small animals; that is, the bones are held together with natural muscles, hardened by immersion first in ammonia-water, then in lime-water. Mounting a tiny humming-bird is the most minute and difficult task of all; a finished specimen costs only $10.

Less ticklish, but not easy, were the biggest jobs Ward's ever handled—mounting skeletons of a sixty-five-foot whale, a giant prehistoric mastodon and its modern cousin, a zoo elephant that died. Only the jaw of the pet pachyderm remains; the rest was sold piecemeal.

Alongside the bony framework of human beings, evil-looking rhinoceroses, long-armed orang-utans and crouching frogs, boxes of loose bones, mostly legs, expose their gruesome contents to the visitor in Ward's high-ceilinged workrooms.

There, too, are plaster casts of prehistoric monsters' bones: the brontosaurus (a dinosaur), and the skulls of huge, vicious beasts that man has never taken from the freshly-dead, but only from the solidified sediment in which they died.

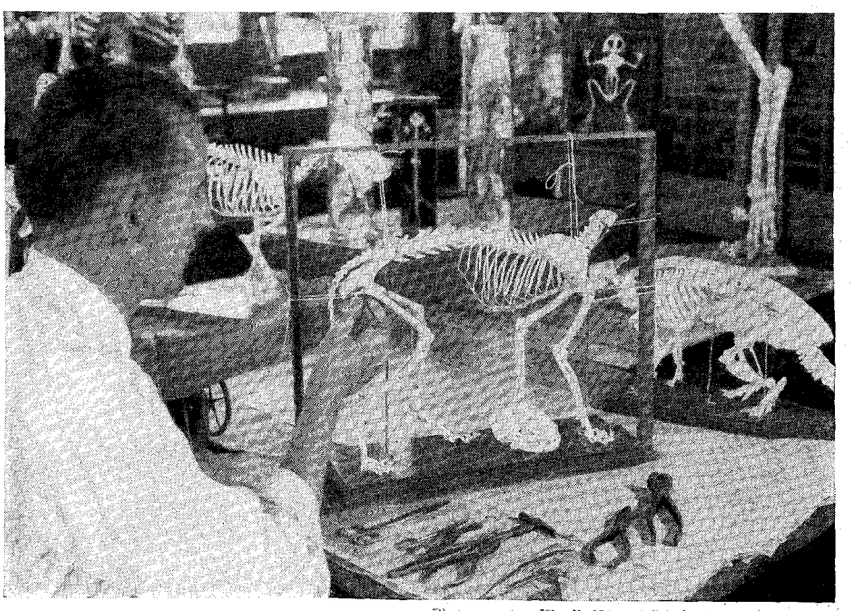
Marine Life—Farther along are rows of cases inside which fossilized marine life of prehistoric seas is classified for historical study of the evolution of life and the earth's crust. Some are but impressions in rock from ancient ocean-floors. Others are the complete forms of live things preserved by centuries of pressure and solidification. Most are millions of years old. On some slab-like specimens are etched the leafy fronds of coal-age foliage; on others the footprints of long-extinct animals. One, a plaster cast of an invaluable original, holds the outline of the most primitive bird, the archaeopteryx, half-bird, half-reptile.

From other cases gleam rare minerals gathered by Ward's 8,000 collectors from all corners of the globe. Great utility companies obtain here specimens for research work.

No scientific supply house in this country has a fossil and mineral collection approaching Ward's in scope. One hundred thousand specimens are there for any one who has the price to buy. Others can be ordered from collectors in the field.

Three thousand sharp-eyed scientists add continually to the establishment's biological and entomological (insect) collection. In the workrooms, butterflies from Brazil and Peru, Java and Burma, the Philippines and other exotic fields lend their waxy smell (from insecticide used) to mix with the strong fumes of embalming fluid used to preserve American cats and frogs and the rare, raccoon-like solenodons from Central America and Cuba.

With their flesh and fur on, and filled with embalming fluid, cats are cheaper than when stripped to the bone—$30 to $60 a dozen. Ward's does not dare to advertise for its feline specimens for fear of siege by every owner of a lost pet for miles around. Pussies, brought in alive, are drowned in



Photos courtesy Ward's Natural Science Establishment, Inc.

Cats, because of their structural similarity to human beings, are in demand

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the dim interior of the ex-chewing gum factory where the establishment is housed.

Frogs—Almost equally popular for dissection purposes are giant southern frogs, which go for $8 to $15 a dozen. Dogfish are $8 to $18, depending on size. But a hundred Michigan worms, eight to twelve inches long, sell for only 50 to 75 cents.

To science's need for worms must go credit for spry Director Gamble's interest in collecting. As a Cornell student before the War, he dug them up to earn extra money for his education. Later, with a Ph.D., he became assistant professor on the Ithaca campus, progressed to executive position with a Chicago biological supply house, and in June, 1931, the Presidency of Ward's in Rochester.

Last week, he revealed the establishment's first profits since he took command. Following its founder's original plan of putting the needs of science before desire for profit, Ward's has seldom made any money not immediately absorbed in new stock. Its collection is now valued at $300,000.

In 1928, soft-spoken Frank Hawley Ward, in his sixties, turned over the establishment's $115,000 in capital stock to the university to kill chances that it might fall into commercial hands upon his death. Only one provision accompanied the gift: Ward's was to receive no subsidy from the University, and pay it nothing. It was to continue as a non-profit institution, for the good of scientific education.

System—To-day, gray-haired Mr. Ward works with his assistants behind the small, dingy windows that give little clue to the scientific light shed by the building's contents. Employees marvel at his ability to identify and classify at sight any of the thousands of fossil and mineral specimens in the plant.

Likewise, his grandfather worked in the tiny campus building where Ward's began almost seventy years ago. With the assistance of such famous naturalists as Carl Akeley, of African fame; Frederick Lucas, one-time director of the American Museum of Natural History; William T. Hornaday, now-retired Director of the New York Zoological Gardens, and Charles Livingston Bull, famous animal illustrator, he expanded the collection until the fame of the foundation spread all over the earth.

Customers—To-day, with museums hiring their own taxidermists, chief customers are school and university laboratories which need specimens for young scientists to look at and dissect. Chinese museums and colleges are filling their exhibits with Ward-bought objects. Last week, a large heterogeneous collection went to the exposition at Barranquilla, Colombia.

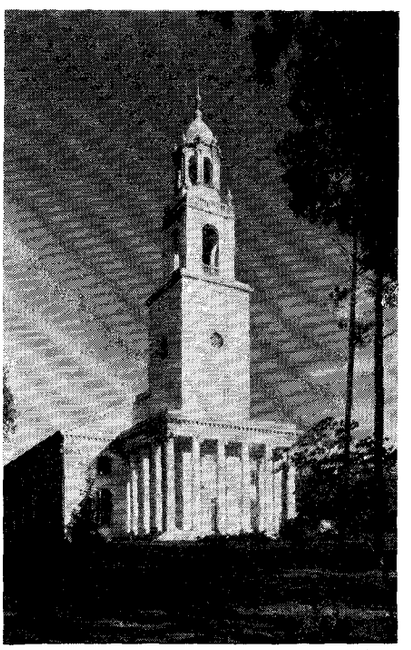
Amateur collectors send daily orders—some of which bring as little as 5 to 10 cents. Director Gamble is trying to build up the amateur *clientele*, most of whom are schoolchildren, Boy or Girl Scouts, but some of whom are millionaires.

"The slow turnover at Ward's would make a business man's blood run cold," Gamble said. "The other day we sold a crane skeleton collected fifty years ago. . . . It still bore the label of William T. Hornaday. Sometime ago, we sold a passenger pigeon skeleton for $75, for which we paid $1. . . . The University believes, however, that there should be one institution in this country actuated by scientific rather than purely commercial ideals."

COLLEGE CENTENARY:
Emory in Georgia Famous for Theology and Medicine

Justly proud of her great Georgia Tech, Atlanta regards with no less motherly interest her famed Emory (Methodist Episcopal, South) and Oglethorpe (Presbyterian), those two university rivals growing up rapidly on her northeastern and southern suburban borders.

Founded in 1835, Oglethorpe got a one-year start on Emory, was burned to ashes in the War Between the States, rose to life again in 1916. From a gift of 440 acres of adjoining wooded tract, as well as considerable financial aid by William Randolph Hearst, it to-day sprawls its blue granite Gothic buildings over a 600-acre campus,



Emory's new Glenn Memorial Church

has, among other proud "firsts," a larger proportion of its faculty in "Who's Who" than any other college in America.

Emory, on the other hand, grew up with a steady and unvarying history, stretching its tinted Georgia marble buildings along rose-bordered Druid Hills with the aid of Asa Griggs Candler's Coca-Cola millions.

Centenary—This week, Oglethorpeans submerged their spirit of rivalry to trudge northward with hundreds of educators, theologians, physicians, journalists and scientists from all parts of the country to honor Emory on its hundredth anniversary.

From December 4 to 13, Emory's 235 acres of rolling woodland was to witness a week packed with home-coming and Centennial events which would long be remembered by its 2,000 students and 260 professors and instructors. Simultaneously were to be held the semiannual meeting of the College of Bishops of the southern church and the National Methodist Educational Conference, composed of delegates from all Methodist colleges and universities. Numerous honorary degrees were to be awarded to many of the hundreds of delegates present from other schools.

Founded in near-by Oxford as an extension of a preparatory school established by the Georgia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church (not yet divided), Emory was expanded to a university and moved to Atlanta in 1915.

In 1888, when his brother, William Warren Candler, was President, Asa Candler donated $500. Then, in 1915, he cinched its future as a university by giving $1,000,000 to the Methodist Church, on condition it be used to create Emory University.

Medicine—Famed as its theology school became in the South, Emory's contribution to national reputation is its great medical school. A merger of the Atlanta Medical College and the Southern Medical College, it has turned out 3,000 students, has a Class A rating by the American Medical Association, and has international prestige from the work of Prof. Jean George Bachmann.

Professor of physiology at Emory since 1915, Professor Bachmann is fifty-nine, Alsatian-born. In 1916, he made medical history by announcing the discovery of the muscle tissues, or "bundle," between the right and left ventricles of the heart, which conducts the impulse that causes the heart to beat. On the campus, he is the university's premier picturesque figure.

Dark and bald, he marches down the hall from his equipment-cluttered office to the lecture-room and first class of the day with a long oaken pointer at sword-like attention. Behind his short, erect figure, dressed in stiffly starched white coat, follow his four assistant instructors.

Once in the classroom, he talks rapidly, with a marked French accent, and with great assurance, and frequently interrupts himself by remarking ". . . but Bachmann's theory is . . ."

Curb on Sport—To many a collegian, Emory is more distinctive because it does not compete in intercollegiate sports. Tradition says that President Candler in his day stopped this phase of college life, inaugurated a policy of intramural rivalry when Emory students lost considerable money betting on a football game they lost to the University of Georgia.

Nevertheless, early alive to new ideas, Emory introduced freshman week customs in southern colleges, set up the junior and senior college system with comprehensive examinations at the end of the senior year.

Last week, while such famous alumni as Senator Alben William Barkley, of Kentucky, and Golfer Bobby Jones paid tribute to the memory of benefactor Candler, who by the time of his death in 1929 had donated $8,000,000, they gave unstinted praise to President Harvey Warren Cox. Illinois-born, President Cox took charge soon after the college was moved to the Atlanta campus, and welded together under his administration all of the various divisions.

Presiding at Glenn Memorial Hall last week, President Cox sounded the key-note of the Centennial: "Emory's century challenges the future."

This challenge, he pointed out, already had begun in a program of coordinated development for a major university center of the Southeast in Atlanta. Courses in the senior colleges of Agnes Scott College and Emory University and in the Emory Graduate School are being planned so that they may be correlated in a university center. The Emory University Library is being carefully enlarged to suit the research needs of a great university, and the new Agnes Scott Library is being expanded in definite coordination with the Emory Library.

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NOEL COWARD RETURNS TO BROADWAY

Ermines, Sables and Diamonds Greet Briton's New Series

Broadway's National Theater, in Forty-first Street a block below Times Square, sometimes considered out of the theatrical stream, blazed with lights last week, its many weeks dark marquee aglow.

In the street, a slow, honking parade of expensive automobiles crawled, the sidewalk was a blizzard of ermine. Top hats reflected the gleam from a bushel of diamond bracelets. The upper stratum of Broadway mingled, white tie alongside fur cape, with the night-life circles of Park Avenue.

First-Nighters—Miss Libby Holman, sultry-voiced ex-torch singer, wealthy young widow of the four years dead Zachary Smith Reynolds, heir to a North Carolina tobacco fortune who was found shot to death in his Winston-Salem mansion, defied the vogue for ermine, made it unnecessary for gaping crowds to wear snow-glasses against the white fur. She arrived in a $42,000 sable wrap.

Lucius Beebe, Boston rich man's son who has become a deft Broadway columnist by profession, the 1936 Berry Wall by avocation, arrived flanked by dour detectives. A gem merchant, struck by a whim, had made up a full-size gardenia in platinum, baked white French enamel and diamonds, for gentlemen's evening wear.

Gaud Guard—The $10,000 bauble snuggled against the scrupulously tailored Beebe lapel. A private detective hired by an insurance company shared a frantic ten minutes with Beebe, later. The jewel vanished. Five City plain clothes men found it in possession of a woman of society. She claimed she took it as a lark. No charges were pressed. The affair was quickly hushed. Few in the audience knew of the occurrence.

Back-stage, away from the crush of silk-lined pelts, the glare of diamonds paved in blocks like skating-rinks, was the cause of the satin riot. He was slim, calm, thirty-six-year-old Noel Coward, British dramatist, composer, director and actor. His annual visit to Broadway invariably had caused ructions, but this one outdid former footlight levees. For one thing, the depression was over.

Vandamm

Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence: (above) "Hands Across the Sea" . . . misfits; (below) "Red Peppers" . . . songs, dances and funny stories in "vaude"

In his kit lay nine one-act plays, to be presented three at a time on three evenings. The first group included "Hands Across the Sea," a comedy; "The Astonished Heart," a midget drama, and "Red Peppers," another comedy.

The Plays—The first is the arrival of a middle-class British couple from Penang in the home of a London family. They are misfits, they are lost in a bright exchange of superficial chit-chat and their rout is complete when it is discovered they are not the couple the family expected.

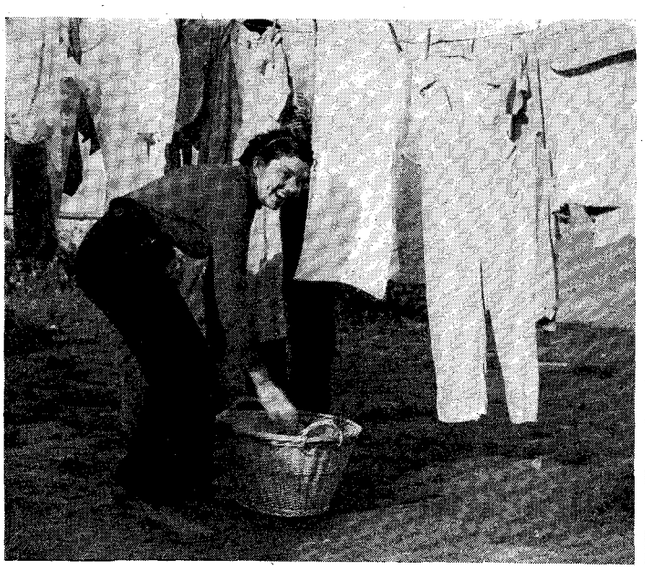
The drama is the tragic story of an aging psychiatrist, an expert in decoding complicated emotions and in leveling out the neuroses of his patients. He finds himself suddenly involved in an affair as bewildering to himself as their romances have been to his patients. Whereas, as cool physician and counsel, he explained difficulties away for the patients, he finds himself unable to do as much for himself, jumps to death from a window.

In "Red Peppers," Coward and his fellow star, Miss Gertrude Lawrence, burlesque a cheap, tawdry little third-rate vaudeville team *Lilly* and *George Pepper*, "Songs, Dances and Funny Stories." They expose all the vanity of vaudeville hacks, mock the dreadfully serious rehearsal antics.

"200 WERE CHOSEN": A Superbly Directed and Acted Play of Resettlement in Alaska

Senator Elmer Thomas, Democrat, Oklahoma, returned to Washington last week from the Matanuska Valley Resettlement project in Alaska, called it a failure costing $14,000 a family. He predicted it would collapse, foresaw desolation the moment Federal aid was withdrawn.

On a stage in New York, four days earlier, E. P. Conkle's play of the project,



At Matanuska Valley a cooperative colonist works and lives . . . on Broadway cooperative actors work and the play lives

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Jonathan (Freddie Bartholomew) and Horatio (Douglas Stuart). Right, Polly (Virginia Fields)

"200 Were Chosen," received exceptional performances from a large cast of cooperatively working actors, was hailed by professional observers as "the first honest play of the season, a sincere work of social criticism."

Charges—The Conkle play, obviously drawn from first-hand study of the project, scattered blame equally. It charged Resettlement executives with herding the Midwest farmers to the Valley before preparation had been made, accused Army officers of deliberately withholding healthy food, creating conditions that led to illness and death of children. Having uncovered government flaws, it then accused the colonizers of stubbornness, of resisting attempts to help them, of ignorance and of mutiny.

The play, stitched into form for stage purposes, ended on a triumphant note with colonizers and administrators working together to make the project a success. The villains had been dispatched, heroes had risen, health and purpose returned to Matanuska.

The critical cheers were directed to the superb direction of Worthington Miner, the performances by a cast working together and gambling for a salary. There is small chance of their losing. "200 Were Chosen" is a success.

SUCCESS STORY: Rise of "Lloyds of London" Makes Powerful, Factual Film

Few newspapers in the last month have failed to carry almost daily quotations on Lloyd's odds for and against war in Europe, for and against coronation next May of King Edward VIII.

Lloyd's, a name in newspapers to the mass, a valuable insurance organization to merchants and mariners, was made clear to motion-picture fans last week when 20th Century-Fox previewed "Lloyds of London," a picture comparable in power to the same studio's "The House of Rothschild."

A stunning motion-picture, worked out in elaborate detail, it records the history of the founding of the great insurance combine, details the part played by young Jonathan Blake in expanding the business of the combine.

Like most 20th Century-Fox pictures, it grew from an idea fished out of the news by Darryl F. Zanuck, production executive of the studio. He was interested in yacht insurance, sent for a junior scenarist on the lot and ordered him to research the history of Lloyd's.

The youngster, Curtis Kenyon, worked long, worked many nights, dug down into ancient papers, long-forgotten books. He returned with the complete history of Lloyd's written in dramatic form. The result: one of the biggest pictures of the year, his name on the screen of hundreds of theaters for a young man struggling for writing recognition.

Cast—Zanuck was so impressed with the value of the story as cinema fodder, he ordered a glittering cast assembled. Such as Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, Sir Guy Standing, Tyrone Power, C. Aubrey Smith, Gavin Muir, Montagu Love, Reginald Barlow, Forrester Harvey and dozens of others are seen, some playing no more than bits.

Most of the film is factual, all of it exciting and constantly interesting. It takes its place with "Mutiny on the Bounty" as one of the finest pictures ever to come from Hollywood. Audiences are certain to like it.

Exceptional performances are given by Mr. Power as Jonathan Blake, Virginia Field as a barmaid at Lloyd's, Sir Guy Standing as Angerstein.

SQUEEZE MUSIC: Raphael Presses Out Anything From Beethoven to Gershwin

With an instrument no larger than a honey-dew melon, Raphael, a pudgy, baldish troubadour, evokes melodic strains of Bach, Dvorak, Tschaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, Chopin, Kreisler and Sarasate. His appearance at the Town Hall, New York, this week, was the first ever made by a concertinist in this country.

Raphael, little, round and jolly, has been an entertainer hereabouts at posh nightclubs (he works at the Sherry-Netherlands Russian Eagle). Several years ago, he squeezed enough melody from his concertina to stop "Continental Varieties."

Since no music has been written for the concertina, Raphael makes his own transpositions of his favorites—Bach, Chopin and Kreisler.

Only living artist who has transformed the concertina into a serious instrument, Raphael is teaching his art to six women and two men, all musicians.

Raphael's considerably more slender father was a Hungarian acrobat who, traveling in Russia, decided to abandon tumbling in favor of domesticity. He settled in a small town near St. Petersburg, took a Russian wife and presently was able to dandle a young Raphael on his knee.

Carnival—One day an old colleague of his father's, a Hungarian concertina-player, arrived for a visit between carnival-stands. While the guest was eating goulash and talking over show business with his host, the youngster, who was all of seven years old, proceeded to take the concertina apart.

Before he could put it together, the caller was ready to depart. Fortunately, he had a substitute instrument. With simulated good nature, he left the apparent wreck with the boy as a plaything.

A few days later, strains of what might pass for music brought Papa Raphael running into the nursery. To his amazement, the youngster had put together the concertina and was playing it.

Two years later, nine-year-old Raphael and his concertina left home. What began as a child's runaway escapade developed into a prodigious concert tour. The young troubadour was hailed as a prodigy and transported on impresarial wings through Eastern and Central Europe. Time passed as in a dream. He didn't return to St. Petersburg until he was seventeen.

When he did go home, he merely said "hello" and departed again. He had determined, after all these years of concert performances, to study music. He went to the Conservatory at Kief, was graduated with his thirst for musical learning still unslaked and proceeded to the Conservatory at St. Petersburg. Rimsky-Korsakof and Glazounof were his teachers.

Cellist—Since the humble concertina had no place in august concert-halls, Raphael cheerfully played any instrument coming to hand, but the violoncello, with its richly masculine *robusto*, was his favorite.

Now he is in America, where musical sophisticates dote on his Chopin *valses*, Liszt rhapsodies, Bach fugues and assorted nocturnes—anything from Beethoven to Gershwin.

Knobs—Grown-up brother of the harmonica, the concertina consists of two hexagonal keyboards connected by a bellows of many folds, similar to that of an accordion. By pressing rows of knobs, the artist opens valves admitting air compressed by the bellows to free reeds, which then are set vibrating.

With its penetrating, but soft, timbre, the concertina is capable of the most delicate gradations of tone. Raphael is so certain that its concert qualities are unique that, after his New York début, he is going to take his repertory of 3,000 selections touring.

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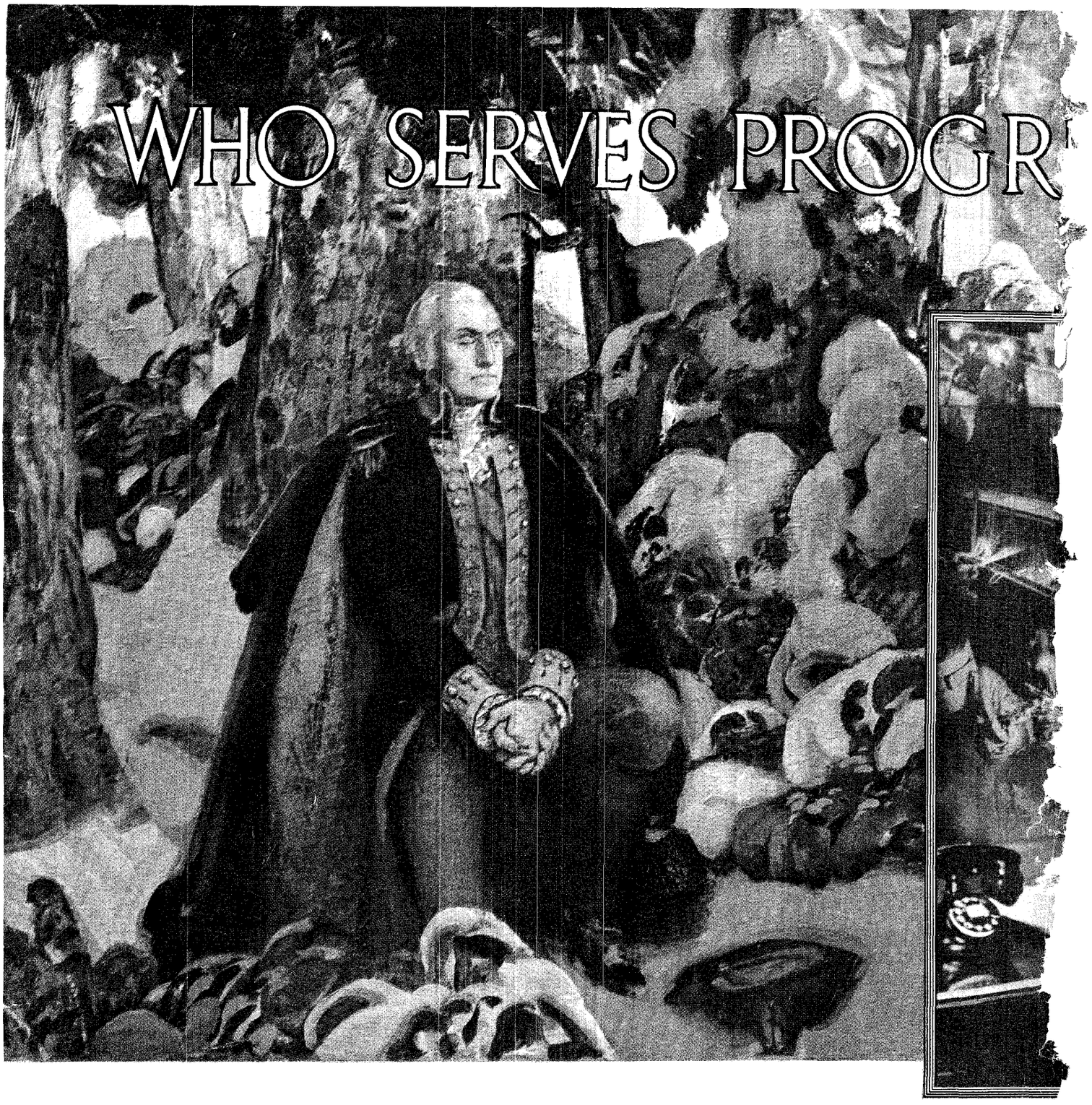

The Faith that is America!

What shall we do to bring the greatest good to the greatest number in this land of ours? Is it timidly to call a halt to progress—to freeze conditions where they are? Such a decision would deny every lesson of American history and every tenet of American faith. Clearly, the urgent need today is not for a division of wealth or of jobs—but for a *multiplication* of both. Clearly, too, the route of advance is not toward scarcity, but toward plenty—not to make fewer

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SS SERVES AMERICA !

In times of stress, those who carry great responsibility have need of faith and courage in the extreme. That was true even of Washington at Valley Forge. It remains true in every enterprise today.

Modern America has faced its economic Valley Forge. There have been doubts and hardships and recriminations. But through it all, resolute industries have worked with an eye to the future — accepting the burden of leadership — pitting their resources and their energies against the vital job of making products and values so compelling that the rising tide of volume would bring men flocking back to work again. And industry's payrolls now — as well as its sales — bear testimony to the results which great faith combined with adequate resources can attain.

things at higher prices for fewer people — but to make *more* things at *lower* prices for *more* people. The growth in volume which lower prices and b tter values produce is the best surety of more jobs and wider buying power. And the sound way to lower prices without lowering wages is to make use of every implement which science can provide to make man's work more productive. The march of our nation, now as ever, goes forward by the discovery of new methods, new products, new markets, new jobs. That is the course of progress, and who serves progress serves America.

N A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

ICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

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CORONATION: GREATEST PAGEANTRY

Dazzlingly Jeweled Crowns to Flash as Symbols of Glory

American movie kings and queens depart. But new successors to the throne so far have failed to match the ritual of King Edward's Coronation, scheduled for May.

Eagerly, therefore, American hero-worshipers troop into their department stores to take part in tapestry-making contests or enter letter-writing games conducted by a steamship line.

The prizes—free trips to the Coronation in England.

The few contestants winning good seats along the route of the ceremonies will see no more than their English cousins who can afford to pay prohibitive prices for grandstand views. A few moments of passing pageantry, perhaps a glimpse of the King, and the touch of Old English ceremony is gone.

The actual Coronation in Westminster Abbey, the magnificent jewels which come forth from hidden places to sparkle for an hour on a King's head, will be seen only by those within a few feet of the King himself.

Models—Stay-at-homes, however, both in England and America, probably will get a better break. T. Eaton and Company, Ltd., a chain of department stores, has done what it can to bring the Coronation closer to these shores. To supplement photographs, newsreels and radio accounts, Eaton's has had manufactured models of the Coronation jewels.

They go on display this week in Pittsburgh and will tour the country thereafter until the Coronation.

Altho the reproductions are made of glass and lead, and all eighteen pieces are not, in actual value, worth more than $100, they supply to the imaginative all the fairy-land wonder that is an integral part of royalty.

To the average man, the true symbol of the King is the Crown, tho nine other jewel-spattered objects play important parts in transforming the erstwhile Prince of Wales into Edward VIII, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, Ireland and the Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith; Emperor of India.

Into Westminster Abbey will be crowded several thousand of the remaining Kings, Queens, Princes, Dukes, Earls, Knights and all that remains of royalty in the world, to watch the ermine-draped nobles carry the British Crown jewels to the altar.

First thing to make their eyes pop will be the Crown (a reproduction of Edward the Confessor's). Its jewels have a history that dates back further than Edward's own family. Its diamonds, pearls, rubies and sapphires make the rays of the sun seem dim.

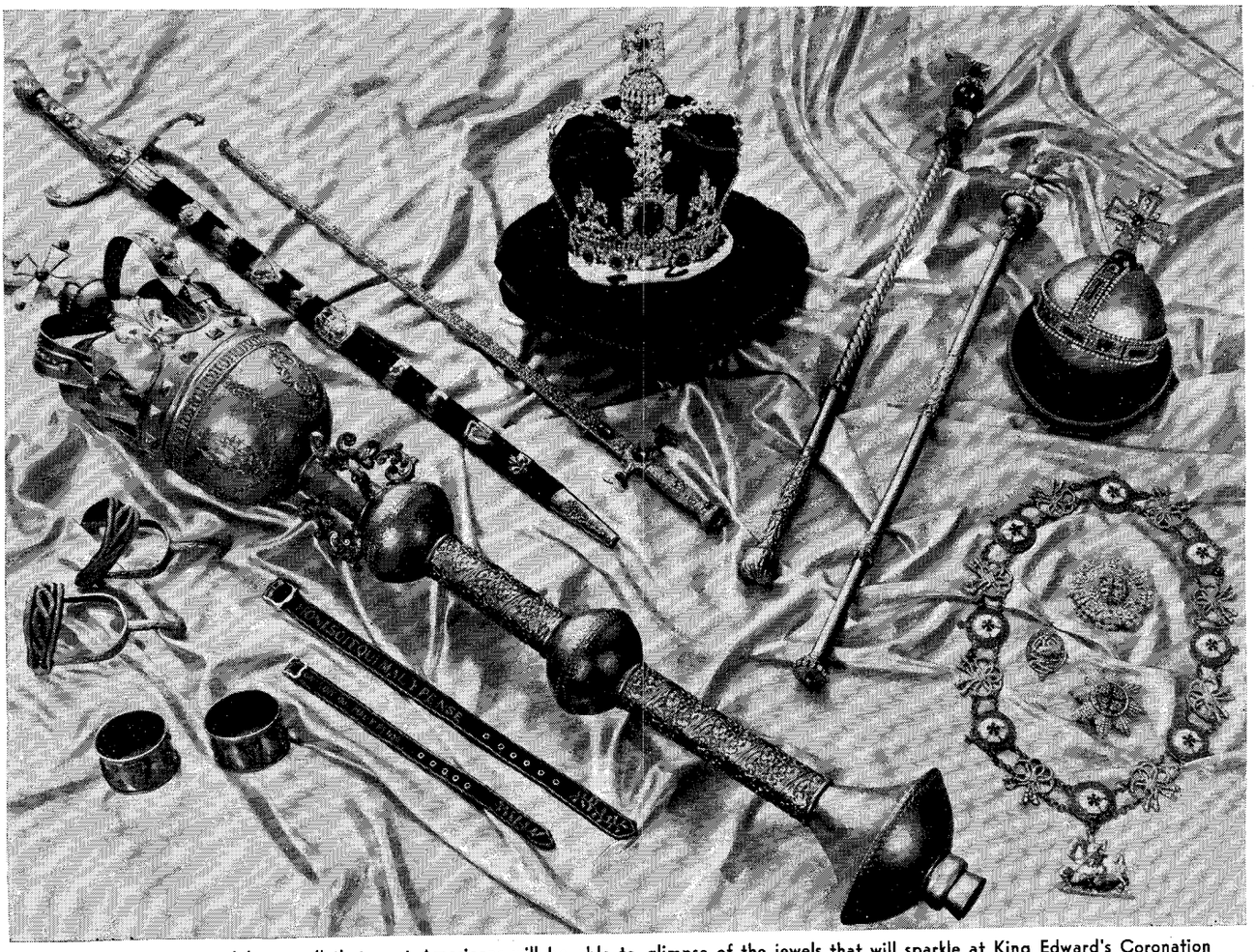
Mammoth Diamond—There are 2,800 diamonds set in it, including the famous Cullinan diamond, a 309-carat piece of carbon that weighed two pounds when mined. This is the stone that threatened to wreck the diamond market of the world, for if it had been sold in the open market, ordinary-sized diamonds might have been reduced to the value of their weight in glass.

The crown also includes the finest collection of matched pearls in the world—277 of them, including Queen Elizabeth's ear-rings. There are four rubies which couldn't be bought for all the money in the world. The largest ruby is the Black Prince stone. It comes down from Pedro the Cruel, fourteenth century King of Castile, who killed the Moorish King of Granada for its possession. Also, there are eleven priceless emeralds and sixteen sapphires, one of which was in the Coronation ring of Edward the Confessor.

Actually, this crown is not worn at all, for its wealth of jewels makes it too heavy—it weighs five pounds. It is held momentarily over the sovereign's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, then replaced by the Imperial State Crown.

Next to the Crowns, in importance, are the scepters, which contain gems as unbelievable in size, value and beauty. The origin of these golden, heavily jeweled staves goes back to Biblical days, and Christian priests are responsible for their existence.

Then they corresponded to what is known to-day as a blackjack. Holy men



Department store models . . . all that most Americans will be able to glimpse of the jewels that will sparkle at King Edward's Coronation

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often had to battle with barbarians, but were forbidden to use instruments that could draw blood. Instead, they used heavy, skull-crushing implements. In medieval times they were carved with decorative figures, then inset with jewels, until finally they became what they are to-day—a symbol of power.

Costly Scepter—The most valuable scepter to-day is the one used by Charles II, to which has been added part of the Cullinan diamond known as the Star of India. It is roughly the size of a small egg and weighs 516 carats.

Also included in the Coronation ceremonies is the Scepter with the Dove. A rod of gold, with a gold cylinder banded in gems, it is surmounted by a white enamel dove, typifying the Holy Ghost, believed to control the actions of Kings.

The King's Orb, or the Orb of England, is placed in the Monarch's left hand, midway through the long ceremonies, as the Archbishop says: "When you see this orb set under the Cross, remember the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer." It is a solid gold sphere, about the size of an overlarge apple, with bands of gems around its circumference surmounted by a cross. Queen Victoria, during her Coronation, complained about its weight.

The jeweled Sword of State, one of four used to complete the ceremony, is the most valuable in the world and is seldom used except during Coronations. The King personally places it on the altar, symbolizing the placing of his military power in the hands of the Church.

Other jewels used less importantly in the Coronation include the King's Star, iced with diamonds and worn on his left shoulder; the King's Collar and Pendant of George, an enameled figure of George and the Dragon; the Royal Bracelets, and the Most Noble Order of the Garter, the oldest of all English decorations.

Edward III founded it in 1338 when dancing with the Countess of Salisbury. She dropped her garter, the King picked it up, placed it on his own leg, remarked, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" (Evil be to him who evil thinks), and promised that the proudest nobles in the Realm would some day be glad to wear the Order.

LITERARY COUP: Reviewer Writes of Lawrence Book, Kept "Secret" Until 1950

The Saturday Review of Literature, weekly guide-post for the *literati*, last week scooped the world with an air-tight exclusive story that was scheduled to be front-page news fourteen years hence. The editorial coup was a review of Thomas Edward Lawrence's (Lawrence of Arabia) final book, "The Mint," which, by the terms of his will was not to be made known to the world until 1950.

Lawrence, who was the most fabulous, unfathomable and legendary character in this generation's world of letters, had had publishing whims before. He completed "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," a protesting autobiography of his campaigns to help free Arabia from the Turks, in 1926. That year he published an edition of ten copies, priced at $20,000 each, and announced that it was

© International

T. E. Lawrence's life to be revealed in 1950

not to be publicly printed while he lived. There were two purchasers: The Pasadena, California, Library, and a private collector. After his tragic death in a motorcycle accident in May, 1935, the book came out in popular editions and has been a best seller here and in England since.

While his restrictions on that book may have been sheer Puckishness, his reasons for holding up "The Mint" make better sense. It is the record of his life in 1922 as a private at Uxbridge depot, a training-school for the Royal Air Force. There he found commanding officers to be sadistic savages and in "The Mint" he pulled no punches in saying so.

Libel Danger—Altho the conditions which embittered Lawrence were corrected even before the book was written, the men on whom he laid the broad-sword are still as

Keystone

Henry Seidel Canby . . . scoop critic

alive as the libel laws. The author's representatives—who, like the rest of the world, can only guess—believe that fear of libel suits was only half the reason for Lawrence's insisting on a deferred publication. The other, they say, was that he did not want his scathing denunciations of the officers to be read by them, and there is only a remote possibility that any of them will survive until 1950.

With Lawrence's death the executors of his estate turned the manuscript over to his publishers in England and the United States.

Doubleday, Doran announced in August, 1935, that they would issue ten copies for sale—a necessity to protect the copyright—at $500,000 a copy, the highest financial value ever placed upon a contemporary volume in the history of publication, which was obviously to prohibit sales, and abide by the author's will.

Two of the editors of *The Saturday Review* (they modestly wish to remain anonymous) pricked up their ears at this announcement. If "The Mint" is to be copyrighted, they reasoned, two copies will automatically go to the Library of Congress and become public property.

The magazine's lawyers pored over copyright rules to determine the legality of review under such circumstances and discovered that the periodical was well within its rights.

Vigil—Then followed more than a year of hawk-like watching. The editors assigned one man to Washington whose sole task it was to watch for the granting of the copyright. Doubleday, Doran so carefully guarded its appropriately named property, that, tho the copyright cleared September 25 of this year, it took until last week to discover it. The two editors, who had been sitting on their secret for fifteen long months, dispatched Henry Seidel Canby, well known critic, editor and Lawrence scholar, to Washington for the review.

In the dreary Rare Book Room, off the main reading-room of the Congressional Library, Mr. Canby sat down to his delightful task. He discovered that Lawrence had dedicated his book to the English author, Edward Garnett,—best known for his "Lady Into Fox"—that he had used neither his right name nor T. E. Shaw, which he had legally adopted, but had chosen the pseudonym "A/c Ross." (The A/c stands for Aircraftsman.)

Mr. Canby found that a third of the pages of the volume he was reading were uncut, so he asked the librarian if he might see the other copy. With a million dollars' worth of literature in his lap, the reviewer went from one copy to another, to write a criticism that has rocked publishing circles.

The book is a mere pamphlet when its length is compared with "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." It runs a little less than 70,000 words and is divided into two parts. The first is no more than the actual diary Lawrence kept while at the air school, but that is the real gist of "The Mint." The second part contains letters and scattered notes from which the author planned to elaborate. In his dedication Lawrence explained that this was just a porch to a great book he wanted to write on the air force. Mr. Canby, in his review, wrote: "It is not a book, it is a foundation, a porch to a great edifice that was never built. It was to be a Life in the Air Service, as 'The

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Seven Pillars' was a Life in a Revolution *and* a victory."

Revelatory—Mr. Canby found in "The Mint" the most revealing pages of autobiography ever written, in which the author turns a crystal-clear mirror on his soul and his difficulties in adjusting himself to the world. "The reflective reader must see that Lawrence is one of the psychic cases which give the best argument to the psychological interpreters of history. His whole Arabian adventure was the attempt of a frustrated idealist to salve his soul by action. And now one sees that behind this Puritan motive was another deeper still; the desire of the congenital solitary to make his genius run with the needs of the lot of men."

In conclusion the reviewer states his personal belief that "The Mint" is better than any book which might have been written from its framework. "There was, I think, no likelihood that any important edifice of literary art would have been created beyond this porch."

The publication of the review left Doubleday, Doran breathless and annoyed. With the book now recognized as public property they have no hope of observing the letter of Lawrence's will. And they are brought face to face with publishers' chronic nightmare—libel. They can take no steps to prevent any one from reading it, including the officers who are mentioned in no flattering fashion. The law in England reads, "The greater the truth, the greater the libel," one representative admitted dejectedly.

To date, the firm announced, there have been no bidders for the ten copies that are for sale. They are safely locked in a bank vault, and can still be bought for the original asking price. But they will allow no prospective purchaser the right to inspect the 200-odd pages—even if they believe he is serious about purchasing, and not an idle curiosity seeker, or a reviewer who doesn't want to make the trip to Washington.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: Reviewers of School-Age Pass on Works for Holiday Season

"Now—if I were twelve years old, would I like this book?" Such is the thought of the average adult reviewer with a stack of juvenile books before him. Usually he decides he'd like the book and recommends it. A well-meaning parent buys the book and presents it to a bored child. Thus the vicious circle of juvenile books is started.

In an effort to find out what children think of the books written for them, THE LITERARY DIGEST has asked children throughout the country for their opinions. The amateur reviewers have expressed themselves with a clarity and conciseness that may make them the Henry Seidel Canbys of the future.

J. F. Howe, Class of '41, Belmont Hill School, Belmont, Massachusetts, says of "Sou'wester Sails," by Arthur Baldwin (Random House; $2): "*Jim* and *Corry Laight* were the sons of *Joseph Laight*, a ship-builder, who was in financial difficulties. *Sou'wester* had to be finished and sold by July 6 or *Joseph Laight* could not pay his mortgage on his house.

"This book tells of the adventures of *Jim* and *Corry* with their friend *Durk* when they try to sell *Sou'wester*. It is a wonderful story and climaxed with a thrilling boat race.

"I think this is a wonderful edition. It tells, in the back, what certain phrases and words mean so that anybody from a landlubber to a leather-jowled sea-dog can read and enjoy the book."

Interesting Family—In Sarasota, Florida, Betty Ann Boylston attends the fifth grade of The Out-of-Door School. She read "Afke's Ten" by van Hichtum (Lippincott; $2). "I like 'Afke's Ten,'" she writes, "because it tells me all about the Dutch people, what they eat, what they wear, what they do, and how their houses are arranged. *Afke*

From "George Washington": third-grade critic likes the pictures

is the mother whom they call *Mem*. *Marten* is the father whom they call *Heit*. *Mem* has a big family. She has ten children but she doesn't think 'O Dear,' every time she gets a new baby. Instead she is just as happy as when she got her first child. They are a happy family. They are very poor people, but are very kind.

"I find the book interesting. In some places it is very funny, and in others it is exciting, as the time when they went on a sailing trip for one day and the sailboat tipped over so they got all wet; or another time when *Klaas* was on a horse and his brother pulled his tail so that the horse ran away.

"I haven't time to tell you all about it. You will have to read the book yourself."

Non-Interest—John Douglas Evans is a frank young man of twelve. He attends Sea Cliff Public School, Sea Cliff, New York. Of "The Golden Basket," by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking Press; $2), he says: "I have been reading 'The Golden Basket.' The book did not interest me in the least. The things the two girls did in Bruges, Belgium, did not hold my attention. I picked the book up several times but I could not get interested in it."

Newspaper Work—Somewhat more enthusiastic is Elaine Barrett, eighth grade student of the Peninsula School of Menlo Park, California. She read "Peggy Covers the News," by Emma Bugbee (Dodd, Mead; $2). Her opinion: "*Peggy* is the best college correspondent the New York *Star* ever had and in spite of the hardships and disappointments of a newspaper career, she decides to make it her life profession. So she asks the city editor for a permanent position as a staff reporter.

"However, because of the many experienced people wishing places on the staff of *The Star* he turns her down in spite of her good work. In the office she meets *Kate*, a well known newspaper woman. They become close friends. She also meets a young aviator-reporter called *Peter*, and they grow to have a regard for each other. On *Kate's* advice *Peggy* spends the summer on the staff of a small paper at a resort in Maine. It is here that there is an air-plane crash and *Peggy* is the only one that gets through the police lines. She is made famous by her story.

"*Peggy* has many exciting adventures, such as interviewing the survivors of a shipwreck, climbing twenty stories to the top of a sky-scraper and talking with International Cooking Queens. Her assignments send her through bad weather and good; she has bitter disappointments and some encouragements, which all go to make up the life of a staff reporter.

"Emma Bugbee is one of the foremost newspaper women of the country and has covered the news for the New York *Herald Tribune* for many years. Her first-hand knowledge makes the story authentic as well as entertaining."

Nautical—In Missouri Louise Myers, fourth grade student of the Sunset Hill School of Kansas City, read the nautical "Ship's Parrot" by Honoré Morrow and William Swartman (Morrow; $2). In her opinion: "This is a very courageous, adventurous and hilarious story. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dunshaw*, *David*, *Hank* and *Robert* make a good story by themselves. *Robert* is the funniest bird I have ever seen or read about. *Duncan*, the ship's pilot, shows real Scotch blood, and *Captain* and *Mrs. Dunshaw* were kind, strict and funny. *Hank* and his 'ghost' are exciting and worth reading about.

"*David* went on the *North Star* because he wanted to take *Robert* to his native land, Sheba. When *David* reached Barcelona, where the castaway, *Ben*, was to get off, he saw a little blonde girl at a window calling for help and saying that *Robert* was here. He was interested, and finally rescued the little girl, whose name was *Atheba*.

"This was a word that *Robert* was always saying, so now *David* found out what it meant. It is an Arabic word and means "sweet." *Atheba* had been kidnaped, but *David* finally gets her back to her father and then her father takes *David* to Sheba, so *Robert* gets back to his home. This is a very good book and you will want to keep on reading until you have finished."

Biographical—Somewhat younger than the other reviewers are Albert Tilt and Peter Harrison, third-grade pupils of The Greenwich Country Day School, Greenwich, Connecticut. Writes Albert Tilt of "George Washington," by I. d'Aulaire (Doubleday, Doran; $2): "'George Washington' is a very good book. I think lots of other children would like it just as much and even more. It has very good pictures. It is quite an easy book to read. The part about George Washington fighting was the most exciting part and all of it was good."

Peter Harrison adds: "I think that the story is all right and I like it very much. It gives me an idea of old times."

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

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As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

appaluchi.—"L. Z. A.," Spokane, Wash.—As applied to mouse- or roan-colored horses marked with dark rings on lighter flanks, this word is sometimes used in the Remount Service of the United States Army, and is always spelled *appaluchi*. It is a term not often used in the East. It is understood to be more or less of a colloquialism of the far West, particularly California. For this reason, it is thought to be of Indian derivation. The word *apelusa* is probably from the Spanish word *pelusa*, which means hairy. Possibly *appaluchi* is derived from, and is an Indian contraction of, the word *pelusa*.

cobber.—"J. W.," Sydney, N. S. W.—The word *cobber*, Australian for "boon companion," did not originate with the Australians, altho the sense given to it belongs to the people who live under the Southern Cross. In England, *cobber* is Yorkshire dialect—a corruption of *cobbler*. In Yorkshire, men are frequently called by their trade, particularly when the surname is unknown, or the person referred to is better known by his given name. So *Butcher Tom* and *Cobber Dick* are forms in common use when referring to the butcher or the cobbler. But *cobber* also has other meanings—"a great lie," the greatness being derived from *cob* as used in Northern England, Ireland, and Scotland for "the top or summit of anything, as a mountain or a hill"; also, "a leader, chief, or master." This word has yet another significance. Used as a verb, *to cob to* or *with* means "to cotton to," that is, "to take a liking to any one." Thus, in Suffolk, England, persons who take to each other are said to *cob* together, and it is probably to this association that the Australian *cobber* owes its origin.

fulsome.—"C. M.," Washington, D. C.—*Fulsome* was used in its original sense by Sir Arthur Helps in his "Realmah" (vol. II, ch. xi, p. 80), issued in 1868: "My complaint is this—there is too much of everything. . . . I could go on enumerating all the things which are too full in this *fulsome* world. I use *fulsome* in the original sense."

From 1200 to 1870, used to mean *abundant* or *plentiful*, the word degenerated early, and step by step fell from its original sense to mean offensive to taste (1375); coarse (1410); overfull (1510); satiating from excessive repetition (1531); surfeiting (1555); offensive to smell (1583); lustful (1596); morally foul or obscene (1604-1726—Shakespeare, "Othello," act iv, sc. 1); repulsive physically (1620-1720); overpowering, foul (1626-1725); rank in growth (1633); overfed (1642-1805), and gross (1655). The modern meaning is derogatory, and signifies offensive to good taste as being overdone.

Honduran.—"L. W. S.," Rogers, Ark.—A native or inhabitant of Honduras is known as a *Honduran*.

THE *Heritage of Longevity*

What is it that makes one man outlive another -- that makes one business outlive another -- that makes a machine, a shoe, a wire rope, outlast another?

It is the "heritage of longevity" -- an inbred quality that clearly manifests its presence, but cannot be seen, or felt, or analyzed.

This firm, which has enjoyed 60 years of continuous business success, certainly possesses that quality which makes for long life. And it is but natural that this "heritage of longevity" should have been imparted to its products. Yellow Strand, the wire rope with one strand of yellow, has always displayed conspicuously long life under the most severe operating conditions.

Now this same Yellow Strand is given the many advantages of "preforming," a method of manufacture during which the wires and strands are permanently set to the helical form they occupy in the finished rope. This gives an already long-lived rope still longer life by endowing it with properties not possessed by any rope of standard construction.

Yellow Strand made by this revolutionary process is called "Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand. It is practically pre-broken in; marvelously limp; easy to handle; easy to install; highly resistant to kinking and fatigue.

Contractors and road builders, those engaged in mining, logging, and in manufacturing, can profitably employ "Flex-Set" Preformed Yellow Strand.

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Left . . . Men's Alpine Sports Suit.

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Current Poetry

GIRL OF THE STORM

BY DANIEL W. SMYTHE

We raced together! dark earth underfoot
Was rough with shale, the branch and twisted root.
The cold rocks ribbed the creek as it went by;
We stared at elms and clouds that lunged through sky.

You ran this way, swift-footed, lithe and sure,
And glad for whirls of rain which stones endure.
You skipped the pebble through the pounding storm,
Spray in your hair, the flesh restless and warm.

I stared at water battling with hard loam;
Rule of your body shadowed rock and foam.
We sped through trees with laughs of joy and wonder—
You were a part of storm and creek and thunder!

In days when lightning flares along the rocks,
When the creek roars, and wood ferns shake their stalks,
I shall remember how you ran these shores
And drank of light and gladness that were yours.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

DEATH

BY MABEL POSEGATE

If later, in the archives of your mind,
When I am dead and grief for me is less,
Assuaged in part by time, perhaps you find
Something recalling me, or should you press,
On some effulgent autumn afternoon,
Companioned by none save yourself alone,
Your fingers on soft chords to some old tune
Once dear to both, and heaviness of stone
Descend upon your heart because of this,
Where had lain quiet joy a space before,
I beg you speedily return to bliss.
I would not have you battering Death's door,
Nor should I feel that you had broken pact
With me or failed of any loving act.

—*Wings.*

FOR A CHILD

BY ELEANOR VINTON

All the flowers dance for you,
All the trees make songs
Butterflies are curtsying,
Mottled frogs sound gongs.

I would make a poem for you
If I dared to try.
Child, how can I compete
With a butterfly?

—*New York Sun.*

SOILED

BY RUDY SCHMIDT

Mirrored in self
He despairs
Of Mankind.

—*Better Verse.*

Poet and farmer: between poems, which he has been writing seriously for five years, Daniel W. Smythe raises poultry with his father on a small farm near Haverhill, Mass.

MUNITION-MAKER

("And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment")

BY LAURA SIMMONS

Alone, from your dim cell you shall look forth; behold and see
Your perfect work! How faultless all, your engines' butchery.
Your thirty pieces—what they bought! in measure brimming o'er—
Those blackened fields; the shattered slain; where once was spring, before.
Silence—save where the blinded grope; a gasp from shredded lung—
A baby's wail; a crazy laugh the ghastly heaps among.
That vacant face that mouths at you! See! where the shambles stir—
The quick more dreadful than the dead! Your war-planes' lethal whir—

Rejoice! Was ever bargaining like this since Time began?
The kingdoms of this world; so well they paid you—every man
Whose flesh still writhes, or sleeps at peace; and does it sate your soul
To clutch your gold? Or would you blot from sight your monstrous toll?

Somewhere you, too, may find the dawn; somewhere you shall not miss
The joy of worlds, no longer cursed by deeds the like of this.

—*The Christian Century.*

BURNT OFFERING

BY HENRY A. FOLEY

I move about the twilit home
That was your temple place
Where life, like incense fragrantly,
Burned out within your face.

To you like minor deities
These sons and daughters were.
And still you haunt their silences
Like frankincense and myrrh.

—*Spirit.*

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Off-Side

Sneezer — Fourteen-year-old Geraldine Soper sneezed 130 times in one hour, said hospital attendants of Edmonton, Alberta. Once she sneezed sixty-nine times without stopping.

* * *

Ten Ears—A freak corn-cob with ten ears grew on the farm of J. F. Dulaney of Marlin, Texas. It was almost circular, about the size of a grapefruit, and the ten cobs bore well-developed kernels.

* * *

Shaves—At Bethel, Alaska, Alice Foresgren, twenty-two-year-old beauty operator of Bismarck, North Dakota, charges $5 to shave the "sourdoughs." Native belles are going in for permanent waves as well.

* * *

Menu—To the question: Why do waitresses always grab the menu after getting an order? R. D. Clark, Cleveland, President of the National Restaurant Association, replied: "If she doesn't, the diner too often changes his mind."

* * *

Official—Monday was made official washday in Santa Barbara, California, by the City Council. Police and firemen were instructed to prevent the burning of rubbish, weeds or grass so the wash would not be dirtied on that day.

* * *

Garlic—Citizens of Marysville, California, are up in arms over the garlic factory which has been planked in the middle of the town. All right for salad-dressing, they maintain, but not so nice as a nose-baiter all day long, every day.

* * *

Eggs—Following a hunting-trip, three football players on Willamette (Ore.) University's football team ate forty-three eggs among them for breakfast. In addition to toast and fruit, Karl Kahle, six-foot, four-inch tackle, consumed eighteen of the eggs.

* * *

Penny—Mr. and Mrs. Roy F. Tygessen, remembering the Salt Lake City sales tax, called their baby "Penny." "We thought," said the father, "it would be appropriate, since pennies, nickels and dimes saved each time we had to pay a sales tax, are paying the hospital bill."

* * *

Milkmaid—Approaching the speed of a milking-machine, Lucille Mauder, Minneapolis college girl, pulled down the title of human milking champion in Minnesota. By hand, she squeezed out three quarts of milk in two minutes—a pint more than her nearest competitor.

* * *

Name—Proud of his name, Oofty Goofty Bowman said he had no idea of changing it. Listed in the Racine, Wisconsin, telephone book, he is not sore that inquisitive persons call for verification. His parents named him Oofty Goofty fifty-six years ago after an actor they knew in Cleveland.

* * *

Illusion—The city of Trenton, New Jersey, will pay $900 as the result of an optical illusion. The ten-foot pole supporting a police radio antenna atop a bank, from a certain angle, made it look as if the American flag were flying at half-staff. The bank, annoyed by queries, insisted it come down.

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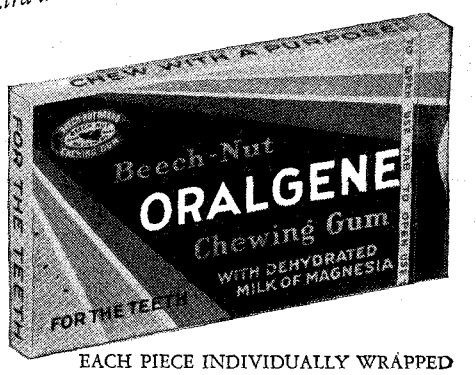

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GAY AND GLITTERING BEAUX ARTS BALL

1936 Extravaganza Celebrates Fiftieth Anniversary of Rayon

Twenty-two coal-black angels with snow-white wings raised shiny saxophones and blew a mighty blast last week. Back swung the pearly gates at the entrance of the Hotel Astor's ballroom heaven—admitting society's 400 (and any one else with $10 to spare) to one of the largest balls ever attempted in the history of entertainment.

"To-night you are making history as one of a gay throng attending the eighteenth Beaux Arts Ball*, initiated in 1914 as an experiment, now an institution of national and international importance," bellowed the Master of Ceremonies. "To-night, we give you a masterpiece—the 1936 *Fête de Rayon Fantastique!*"

Costumes—Ascending from earth-bound motors to the heaven above Park Avenue, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken wore a celestial costume entitled "Silver Rain." Forked lightning played through her head-dress, shaped like a tree with its leaves beaten down by rain; an intricate system of neon lights flashed on and off to leave no doubt of the intended effect. A gown of crystal fringe helped to bring the cost of such heavenly garb to the earthy total of $5,000.

Vying with Mrs. Menken for celestial prominence were Mrs. Fergus Reid in her "Harem Costume," divided skirt of wide-striped rayon material; Mrs. Alan Jackson as "Jungle Bride," brilliant in yards of flowered print; Edna Brokaw in the "Fantastic Harlequin Costume," with "Baby Doll" Peggy Brokaw and toy lamb, lending the comedy touch.

Altho this year's invitations announced the sky as the limit, no ghosts were permitted to walk at the Astor; no convicts with ball and chain clanked in lockstep; nor were modern uniforms, whether of war or peace, potentate or chef, allowed entrance. The committee, selling boxes seating ten at $300, Grand Tier sections seating six at $200, reserved the right to refuse the sale of a ticket and eject undesirables. To see that "Prince Mike" Romanoff did not crash the gate *via* dumb-waiter, window or chimney, thirty special policemen and a band of forty stalwart men and strong stood in attendance.

Not for sweet charity's sake, but for the Educational Fund of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design for Young Students of Architecture and Allied Arts, and for the American School of Fine Arts in Fontainebleau, France, were the anticipated $20,000 proceeds to be donated.

The Society—The idea of a Society of Beaux Arts is forty-five years old, stemming from Left Bank comradery of American art students at the Ecole National des Beaux Arts in 1891. An annual social "get-together" dinner at the old Brevoort House in subsequent years led these grown-up students to start *ateliers* of architecture like those of the Paris school at a time (1914) when the only two schools of architecture in the United States were the ones at Columbia University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It was Mr. Whitney Warren's idea that men who had studied in Paris should give evening instruction to draftsmen who could afford neither the time nor money to study abroad. To-day, *ateliers* have been organized all over the United States; fifty architectural schools form departments in American universities; and the Beaux Arts Society owns its own building.

The Ball—The Beaux Arts Ball (first called Fine Arts Ball) was conceived by Lloyd Warren, brother of Whitney and educational leader of the Society, who figured that increased expenses could be met by giving a Gargantuan public party. With a group of friends prominent in the arts, he gave the first Fine Arts Ball on February 10, 1914, at the Hotel Astor. An overwhelming success, the Ball (entitled "Venice of the Ages") made enough money to satisfy the Society for two years.

In 1916, with the title "Ball of the Gods," the Astor ballroom was again transformed, this time with a splendor which "left the press without a vocabulary." Then, with the entry of the United States into the World War, knitting parties became the fashion; the Fine Arts Ball had to wait until 1920 for its "Pageant of Ancient France."

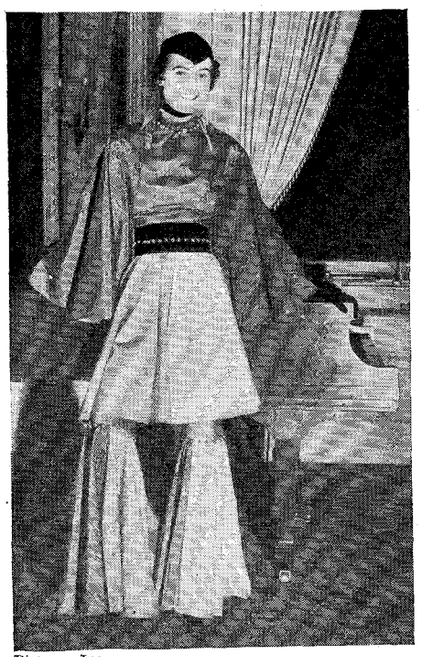
In 1924, Kenneth Murchison and other energetic workers in the vineyards of art decided to put the Fine Arts Balls on an annual basis, calling them the Beaux Arts Balls. Leading the orchestra for the first three years of the series, once finding time to play the rôle of George Washington with "more authenticity than the original," last year Murchison handed the torch to Whitney Warren, 1936 Honorary Chairman, and to Executive Committeeman Lucian E. Smith and his assistants, Joseph H. Freelander, Leon N. Gillette, Carl Reimers, William E. Shepherd and J. Scott Williams. Murchison retained the baton of the musical *maestro*.

Rayon—Glittering decorations and handsome favors of rayon, donated by rayon manufacturers who are, this year, celebrating their fiftieth anniversary**, exotic music, magnificent costumes, brilliant pageantry, a profusion of pulchritude for three mammoth stage shows at midnight, 2 and 4 A.M. contributed to the success of the 1936 Beaux Arts Ball.

Chairman of Production was Monty Woolley, ex-Yale professor who forsook the faculty for a comedian's success in "On Your Toes," musical comedy. Featured was strip-teaser Gypsy Rose Lee, who "did not disappoint the customers."

*The Beaux Arts Balls are not to be confused with the Paris Quat'z Arts Balls, which are student affairs, no one else (in theory) being allowed to attend. Hilarious and ribald, the Quat'z Arts Balls have as their result a Parisian law requiring students to be collected and returned to their homes in covered wagons. Part of the sport, of course, is derived from escaping from covered wagons for a cold morning plunge in the fountains at the Place de la Concorde.

**The invention of rayon was announced in 1884 by Count Hilaire de Chardonnet. His original process is still being used in the manufacture, tho new methods have been invented. It (rayon) is made by converting modified cellulose or viscose into thread, generally by pressing the solution through minute orifices and solidifying it in the form of filament by means of a precipitating medium. Spruce wood-pulp and cotton supply the major part of the raw material.



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Ball costumes: "Fantastic Harlequin" (Edna Brokaw), "Mary and Her Little Lamb" (Peggy Brokaw), "Jungle Bride" (Mrs. Alan Jackson)

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BRIGHTER DAY DAWNS FOR FOUNDLINGS

Greater Care Is Taken in Sending Them to Best-Suited Homes

That gracious hostess sweeping across the room with distinguished charm may once have been saucy Sally, the pug-nosed, freckle-faced, straight-haired vixen of the orphanage.

The gawky, awkward, surly guest in the corner is just as likely to have been little Freddy, listed among the foundlings as an "adorable, blue-eyed, curly-haired cherub."

They bear no identifying marks—these one-time waifs who have found foster parents. But to-day foundlings, illegitimate children and orphans have a better chance for a normal, healthy, happy life than thousands of children born legally to their own parents.

As recently as ten years ago, unfortunate scraps of abandoned humanity were dumped helter-skelter into "Homes for the Friendless," "State Orphan Asylums" and "Homeless Aid Societies"—the very names of which were sufficient to have stunted their personalities before they had a chance to develop.

It took six trials to make Olive the capable and gentle farm wife and mother she is to-day. Olive's paternity was uncertain; her mother was said to have been feeble-minded, epileptic, promiscuous, an inmate of an almshouse, cruel and indifferent to her children and slovenly in her home. Olive was backward and stubborn, stupid in school as a girl, boisterous and hard to control.

Character-Forming—Four of her six foster homes returned her as "unsatisfactory," and the sixth, where she remained from the age of twelve until her marriage at twenty-one, was a farm home. The foster father there died and left his wife, an elderly woman, a son who ran the farm and a daughter who taught school. The necessity for taking responsibility stabilized the difficult and quick-tempered Olive into a dependable woman.

Olive overcame the handicap of her childhood. After all, foundlings are not earmarked by their differences from other young men and women in their behavior, personality and social adjustments.

Of a representative group of 217, only twenty-six were proved incapable, thirteen were considered harmless, two were unable to meet the routine demands of life due to ill health, and the other eleven showed dependence on their foster parents, a general weakness of character, or indulged in shiftless habits. Five were said to be harmful, two of the five because of immorality, two because they were feeble-minded and one because she married a weakling and accepted his lower standards without protest.

Records—Of the 217 whose histories were traced, 119 are still in their foster homes; fifty-two are married and have their own homes; eighty-four still believe they "belong" to their foster parents; sixty-five know all about their own people but don't care much about it one way or the other, since they had been abandoned; four felt bitterly toward the father or mother who had deserted them; thirty-six would have given anything to know something about their parents. One little girl wistfully asked if they couldn't please just tell her if her mother had been "pretty."

Interest in the welfare of the adopted child has increased so conspicuously during the past few years that almost every State in the Union has enacted new legislation or amended existing laws governing child adoption. Eight States (California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, New York, Rhode Island, South Dakota and Wisconsin) have legislated with respect to State licensing and supervision of child-placing agencies and maternity homes, because they protect children from undesirable placements.

State laws to-day require foster parents to assume a greater responsibility than is legally demanded of normal parents. There are no laws supervising normal homes, provided parents are not reported for abuse or abandonment of offspring, but the foster home is constantly under surveillance and on probation for as long as six months to a year, before a child may be committed for permanent adoption.

Individuality—Modern adoption legislation reflects a growing emphasis on the necessity of a better understanding of the child's individual needs, that he may be adopted into a home where he will be happy and develop properly. The hardest task an adoption agency has is to "match" children to new parents. They are as carefully selected for a likeness in personality as they are in actual features, coloring of eyes, hair and skin.

Negro foster parents are particularly insistent that their adopted baby have the same shade of darkness of skin as their own. Negroes very frequently adopt children, even when they already have several of their own.

Families with Italian backgrounds, or with French, German, Scandinavian or Oriental antecedents will often prefer a child of the same foreign parentage. Most difficult are unusual mixtures, such as a little girl whose mother was Hebrew and the father Chinese. She has curly black hair and almond eyes. A little boy of Norwegian and Indian parentage presents the striking features of his stalwart father with the blonde hair and blue eyes of his mother.

Problems such as these call for minute investigations, all of which are expensive, and most adoption agencies are charitable organizations depending on outside contributions for their maintenance. In nine States (Alabama, California, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island), the responsibility for the investigation is placed by statute upon the State Welfare Department, and the courts must promptly notify the Department when a petition for adoption is filed. Upon the adoption of a child the relationship between it and its own parents is severed.

Adoption records show that the "ugly duckling" often matures into a beauty, whereas the "adorable cherub" may become an awkward grown-up

Laws—State Legislatures, therefore, emphasize the equity and necessity of obtaining the consent of parents to the adoption of a child; and such consent is required by statute in all except two States, Florida and South Carolina. The consent of the child to his adoption (when old enough to give it) is required by statute in all except eight States (Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Vermont).

Eleanor Garrigue Gallagher, whose book, "The Adopted Child" (Reynal & Hitchcock), appeared recently, says: "The Babylonian code of Hammurabi, compiled from 2285 to 2242 B.C., provided that 'If a man has taken a young child to sonship and has reared him up, no one has any claim against that nursling.'"

Biblical proof that adoption took root early in Egypt is found in the Book of Exodus, which relates the adoption of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, and Esther by Mordecai.

In Greece and Rome adoption was attended with ceremony and specifications for inheritance rights.

The Napoleonic Code of France, the Civil Code of the Netherlands, Government regulations in Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia, all provide for child adoption. In Russia under

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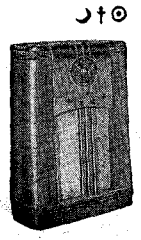

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Lenin, adoption was not permitted, but the number of abandoned children rose to such proportions that the law had to be changed. To-day in the Soviet Union an adopted child has the same status with regard to inheritance as a natural child.

Indenture System—In the United States, adoption is an outgrowth of the indenture system of Colonial times. An indenture document of 1813 provides that one Dianthy Mills, a poor child of the town, seven years, six months and four days old, shall be put as a servant to one Gideon Glossop, farmer. He promises to feed and clothe her, and to see to it that she learns to read and write. Farmer Glossop must provide for Dianthy until she "shall accomplish her full age of eighteen years," whereafter she may leave him, but he must, on her departure, provide her with two sets of clothes, one for Sunday and one for every day, a new Bible and a "middling good cow."

The indenture system succeeded in crippling and maiming hundreds of boys and girls, too young to bend their small backs with heavy loads.

The most accurate available records show that there are some 1,500 private institutions in the United States, all of which are privileged and authorized to place children for adoption. Of these, 350 are Child Adoption Agencies licensed by State legislation, and 155 are member agencies of the Child Welfare League of America. There is no Federal provision for children away from their own homes.

Funds—Every municipality has some public provision for the adoption of children, some States allowing a definite sum *per capita* for homeless children, others providing a lump sum to be spent through a private agency acting on behalf of the State.

In addition to institutional child-placing agencies there are numerous maternity homes, hospitals and nurseries privileged to offer infants for adoption, such as The Cradle in Evanston, Illinois, conspicuous for its prominent adoptions. Two Pulitzer prize-winners, a former Mayor of New York City, radio's most popular married pair, and almost everybody's favorite movie star, not to mention some 5,000 other folk, have taken babies from this source.

Contrary to the accepted notion that the normal mother and father want their first-born, at least, to be a boy, girls are the first choice among the great majority of foster parents adopting a "first child." Boys are often left over.

The exact number of children adopted yearly throughout the United States can only be surmised, due to a scarcity of reliable statistics. A conservative estimate places the total at 16,000.

The names of Governor Lehman of New York, Mayor LaGuardia of New York City, the Jimmy Walkers, Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Babe Ruth, Harold Lloyd and Helen Morgan appear on the foster-parent lists.

It was Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, the former Helen Gould, who made the adoption of children among women of wealth fashionable. She and her husband have taken four children into their home.

One wise foster father and mother told their adopted son that they had selected him from hundreds of children because they wanted him most. They later overheard him boasting to his playmates:

"I wasn't just born. I was adopted."

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Religion

SAVING RURAL CHURCH IN ITS CRISIS

Conference Seeks Solution After Closing of 21,000 in Nation

Up and down the countryside, from Maine to California, are an estimated 21,000 closed or abandoned rural churches; thousands more, it is feared, face the same fate. Forsaken by a younger generation flocking to big cities, neglected by financially-pressed elders, and hard hit by automobiles and radio, they constitute to many a Protestant and Catholic the No. 1 religious problem* in the United States.

To the dozens of conclaves which already have been held to meet this major crisis was added last week that of the all-important National Conference on the Rural Church. Meeting for the third time since 1915, hundreds of lay and clerical representatives of all Protestant denominations appropriately

© International

Owen D. Young . . . keeps rural churches going

picked for their setting Iowa State College, at Ames, Iowa.

Smack in the geographical center of the nation's foremost rural State, they promptly found inspiration for their sessions in the handsome sixty-acre campus of the greatest agricultural school in the world.

Representation—Into the central Byzantine-Gothic Memorial Union building, a motley company of delegates flocked for three days. Churches in towns of less than 10,000 population were invited to send three delegates—a minister, an adult lay teacher and a youth leader. Invitations were issued to 1,800 churches in Iowa alone. Representing the Roman Catholic Church was the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. M. Wolfe, Archdiocesan Director for Home Missions, Dubuque, Iowa.

With strained faces, they listened hour after hour to nationally-known speakers on economics of agriculture, farm-tenancy and its relation to the church program, music and art in the rural church, the place of the church in social planning, church relationship to general farm programs, development of a satisfactory philosophy of rural life.

Chief speakers were Dr. Benson Y. Landis, of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ; Dr. C. E. Friley, President of Iowa State College; Dr. Paul Eddy, of the International Council of Religious Education; Dr. W. R. King, of the Home Missions Council (New York), and Dr. O. F. Hall, of Purdue University.

Problems—Of them no one emphasized better than Doctor Hall the fact that the rural church question was inevitably bound up with deep-rooted sociological and economic tendencies of the times.

At the conference's end, what he and every one else present knew only too well was that action in the field already had accomplished far more than all the high talk of such periodic assemblies. Chief vehicle for this action has been the so-called Larger Parish, pioneered about a decade ago by the Presbyterians.

To-day, springing up in communities all over the land, a prize example of the Larger Parish experiment is that sponsored by Owen D. Young, the industrialist, in the Van Hornellsville, New York, area, his boyhood home. A territory of 175 square miles, it has seven Protestant churches (three Methodist Episcopal, one of which is closed; one Baptist, one Universalist, one Lutheran, and one Methodist Protestant); no residing ministers; only sixty-five out of 535 children of preschool and school age are enrolled in a Sunday school.

Solution—Now, under an arrangement by a joint congregational meeting, the district (pop. 2,100) will maintain two full-time resident pastors and a full-time woman director of Christian education, all especially trained in the rural field. One minister will serve the Baptist-Methodist group; the other, the Universalist-Methodist group.

Children are to be released for religious instruction by grades; the Sunday schools will be revamped and enlarged; the youth of the area will be organized into a youth council; mothers' clubs will be established, and a program of adult education will be undertaken.

Keen about these experiments, church leaders feel that success lies not so much in the idea itself as in the minister executing it. To this end, Drew University (Madison, New Jersey) and Bangor Theological Seminary (Bangor, Maine) have opened special courses to train ministers.

After studying the Larger Parish scheme —which seeks a return to the ancient coordinated agricultural village life of early Saxon England—*The Christian Advocate*, Methodist Episcopal weekly, asks:

"Fifty years from now will there be fewer churches in the open country and small towns than now? No, not fewer churches, but better distributed churches. The intelligent development of the Larger Parish idea and more extensive use of lay preaching will result in the opening up again of hundreds of small churches which will minister socially and religiously to isolated rural communities which have definite community consciousness."

*U. S. Religious Census for 1926 reports 9,300,000 rural church members; 35,125,000 urban (communities over 2,500) church members.

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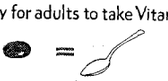

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ATLANTIC CITY

Topics in Brief

"Cocktails do not make good daughters," observes a cleric. And the reverse is often lamentably true as well.—*Punch.*

If you think fascism can rule America, try telling your wife that your first duty is to the State instead of her.—*Louisville Times.*

A writer on India repeats the old one about no one knowing where an elephant goes to die. Could it be Vermont?—*Barron's.*

Hollywood stars move from one wedding to the next, thereby vindicating again the triumphs of hope over experience.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Again Il Duce proclaims, in a ringing voice, that he is holding out the olive-branch. But we didn't catch the caliber.—*Des Moines Tribune.*

Now comes around again the time of year when Tiny Tessie sniffs the air and shouts gleefully: "Ooh, the car smells just like daddy!"—*Boston Herald.*

Thomas Jefferson invented the swivel-chair, showing that while he was a thorough Democrat he understood job-seekers.—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

It would be a shame to throw away a stirring speech like the Steiwer key-note. Maybe it could be edited in 1940 to read "Seven long years!"—*Detroit News.*

The New York *Times* reports that artificial yarn is decreed in the *Reich.* Isn't that what we've been getting from its Ministry of Propaganda?—*Dallas News.*

The steel-workers will be mighty pleased with their 10 per cent. wage increase until they try to buy something made out of steel.—*American Lumberman.*

So one of the Toronto stork derby contestants has announced that she intends to use part of her winnings to get a divorce. The ingratitude of women!—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Canadian alienist thinks the entire population in another twenty-five years will be fit for insane asylums. Plainly, the entrance requirements must be stiffened.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

A German chemist has invented a candy made of coal-tar. Now the doctors in Hitler's realm will face the problem of how to treat a child with a macadamized stomach.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

"If you sleep on the floor, you can't fall out of bed."—Prof. T. V. Smith, University of Chicago. It must be nice to be a college professor and able to think up things like that.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

A ten weeks' vacation, demanded by Mexican oil-workers, with first-class round-trip passage to any place in the world, sounds attractive but a little bit idealistic. Perhaps, one-way passage to a destination selected by the employers might be offered as a compromise.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

ALL'S QUIET ON THE POTOMAC

—Hungerford in Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Early to bed and early to rise, and the tax-collector will get you.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.*

"Temporarily, the sense of hearing is considerably dulled by eating," asserts a physician. Kindly nature does the best she can to protect us from after-dinner speakers.—*Washington Post.*

The people of Rouen, France, during the middle ages, stopped eating butter so they might build the famous "Butter Tower" on their beautiful Gothic cathedral. To-day Hitler asks Germany to eat less butter so the Nazis may buy more cannons.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Columnists' Corner

Sounds in the Night: In the Cafe Venezia: "Her figure is like a statue's, and so's her brain." . . . In the El Morocco: "I swear if they charge us a $2 cover I'm going to steal two spoons!" . . . In the Versailles: "If there was a Nobel prize for the best louse, you'd win it!"—Walter Winchell in the New York *Daily Mirror.*

Jim Farley . . . is in Ireland to celebrate. He's going to let the Blarney Stone kiss him.—D. N. T. in the Springfield *Union.*

Madrid refugees are being rescued in taxicabs, which is not giving them much choice of ordeals.—H. I. Phillips in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

Mad John Leon dug up an old tintype of himself sitting on his father's knee . . . but burned up when we asked him who is the ventriloquist?—W. S. (Bill) Farnsworth in the New York *Evening Journal.*

Our personal feeling about the one man band, which seems gradually to be making its way back into the entertainment field, is that the personnel should be drastically reduced.—George Ryan in the Boston *Herald.*

If he removes his hat while talking to ladies, it isn't merely a proof that he has good manners. He also has hair.—Robert Quillen in the Birmingham *News.*

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Sports

PICKING FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS OF 1936

Task Complicated by Upsets and Conflicting Scores

Still hoarse from a season crowded with Garrison-finish victory marches and hair-raising upsets, the nation's football fans this week turned their attention full-strength to the inevitable and controversial aftermath of their sport: picking the champions.

With no one team dominating the national scene as Minnesota did last year, and with nearly all the big league leaders hopelessly entangled in meshes of conflicting scores, the problem of selecting the best team in the country is no snap.

Last week, in its semifinal ranking, the Associated Press nation-wide poll of football experts placed the Minnesota Gophers on top again for the first time since Northwestern, three weeks before, snapped their twenty-one game winning streak. Second place went to Louisiana State University, which had piled up 248 points to its opponents' 33 in nine games, and had only one tie, with Texas, to mar its season.

Other Leaders—Alabama, another Southern power-house undefeated when the semifinal returns came in, was rated the country's third strongest team. Pittsburgh, to whom most experts gave credit for an off-day when it lost to Duquesne early in the season, was in fourth place. Since the Associated Press started its weekly balloting in October, Minnesota, Northwestern, Pittsburgh and Washington have been the only teams rated in the top flight every week.

Typical of the slightly cock-eyed aspect of the 1936 football season was Northwestern's abrupt plop from first place to seventh as the result of an unexpected 26 to 6 pasting from Notre Dame. Yet Northwestern, rated six full places below Minnesota in national prestige, won the Big Ten Conference championship on the strength of edging out the celebrated Gophers 6 to 0. No other Big Ten team (Ohio State, Purdue, Indiana, Illinois, Chicago, Iowa, Wisconsin or Michigan) was able to score on Minnesota, which took 135 points from its confrères during the season.

A highly scientific, almost metaphysical business, rating a national champion on the basis of comparative scores is virtually impossible. By way of demonstrating that truth, statisticians last week figured out that St. Thomas College, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, with an enrolment of less than 900, is a cinch for the national title.

Records—St. Thomas beat St. Vincent's, 13 to 6; St. Vincent's took West Virginia Wesleyan, 6 to 0; West Virginia Wesleyan squeezed past Duquesne, 2 to 0; Duquesne surprized Pittsburgh, 7 to 0; Pitt swamped Notre Dame, 26 to 0; Notre Dame whacked Northwestern, 26 to 6; and Northwestern stopped Minnesota, 6 to 0. The result: St. Thomas College is 74 points stronger than Minnesota.

Unfortunately, St. Thomas lost to Canisius, 20 to 0, and to St. Mary's of Texas, 13 to 6, neither of which figure in any important mathematical championships.

Equally mystifying and fascinating to the average football follower are the increasingly numerous All-America teams which have blossomed forth from all quarters.

Because no one man could possibly hope to see even a small fraction of the nation's 750 college football teams in action, All-America ratings are awarded from the reports of coaches, sports writers, scouts and players from Coast to Coast. First of this year's crop of "official" mythical teams to make its appearance is that selected by the United Press and announced last week.

Of the eleven men named on the first team after sifting down from an original candidate list of more than 250, three are from the Far West, three from the Midwest, two from the South, two from the East and one from the Southwest. In addition to speed, power, durability, poise and mechanical ability, the United Press explained, the men were chosen for their "inspirational leadership under fire."

First Team

Position	Name	Coll'ge	W'ght
End	Gaynell Tinsley	La. State	195
Tackle	Ed Widseth	Minnesota	220
Guard	Max Starcevich	Wash'ton	192
Center	Bob Herwig	California	210
Guard	John Lautar	Notre D'me	184
Tackle	Averell Daniell	Pittsburgh	215
End	Larry Kelley	Yale	175
Q't'r-back	Sammy Baugh	Texas Christian	180
Half-back	Clarence (Ace) Parker	Duke	175
Half-back	Ed Goddard	Wash. St'e	185
Full-back	Sam Francis	Nebraska	210

Average weight of line: 198 5/7 pounds
Average weight of backfield: 187 1/2 pounds

Alternates	Position	Third Team
Wendt, Ohio State	End	Roach, Tex. Christian
Franco, Fordham	Tackle	Hamrick, Ohio State
White, Alabama	Guard	Bassi, Santa Clara
Gilbert, Auburn	Center	Wojciechowicz, Fordham
Brobnitch, Denver	Guard	Routt, Tex. A. and M.
Kevorkian, Harvard	Tackle	Bjork, Oregon
Clark, Stanford	End	Daddio, Pittsburgh
Falaschi, Santa Clara	Quarter-back	Vanzo, Northwestern
Dickens, Tennessee	Half-back	Riley, Alabama
Huffman, Indiana	Half-back	Haines, Washington
Karamatic, Gonzaga	Full-back	Buivid, Marquette

Altho the appearance of All-America teams marks the end of the regular season, football fans' fanatic interest has a few sporadic outlets in postseason games, most important of which is the Rose Bowl affair in Pasadena, California, on New Year's day.

Oldest of the Bowl clashes, which include the two-year-old New Orleans Sugar Bowl and Miami Orange Bowl games, and the infant El Paso, Texas, Sun Bowl "classic," Pasadena's Tournament of Roses contest theoretically matches the best Pacific Coast team against the pick of the country at large. Actually, it is anything but a game to decide the intersectional championship since the host team is chosen by colleges in the Pacific Coast Conference and therefore almost automatically excludes non-Conference elevens, no matter how strong they may be.

The first Rose Bowl game was played in 1902, when Stanford invited Michigan to the Coast and was chagrined by being mercilessly trounced, 49 to 0. The current

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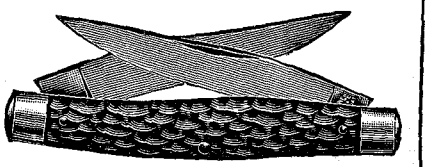

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series started in 1916 and has continued unbroken except for 1918 and 1919, when the participants were service teams.

Results—Of the twenty-one games, Coast teams have won nine, lost seven, and tied three. The best individual record was hung up by Southern California, which has won all four of its games in the $750,000 Bowl. Stanford, most frequently represented, has won two, lost three, and tied one. Alabama, prominently mentioned as this year's invited team, leads the guest stars with a record of three victories and only one tie.

The team chosen to represent the Coast has the privilege of inviting any team in the country outside the Conference. The Tournament of Roses Committee pays both teams' expenses and forks over one-third of the net proceeds to each. Last year, according to reports, victorious Stanford (7) and defeated Southern Methodist (0) each received $85,000.

"EYES" FOR BLIND: Dogs Trained to Guide Sightless Owners Through City Traffic

Most useful, if not the most costly of America's 15,000,000 pure-breds and mongrels, 222 highly educated, astonishingly intelligent dogs this week, and every week, are performing a gallant service unequaled in the ancient history of the animal by acting as "eyes" for their blind masters and mistresses.

Partly by obeying simple directional commands, but mainly by utilizing an uncanny ability to estimate distance, height and speed, the dogs guide their companions through dense city traffic at a pace faster than the average normal pedestrian's walk. By indicating obstructions, even deftly avoiding overhanging awnings or pipes they sense are too low, they fulfil their mission confidently, smoothly and without accident.

To many Americans who have seen the dogs in action, their efficiency and lofty disregard for ordinary canine distractions betoken years of patient training. Actually, the dog learns his job in four months, and works at it faithfully, day after day, for eight or ten years.

Training—His schooling, or education, is started when he is fourteen months old. His "college" is The Seeing Eye, a philanthropic organization which recently opened a drive for $400,000 to educate more dogs to take care of the nation's 10,000 blind men and women, who, it estimates, could be taught to use them.

At The Seeing Eye's "campus" at Whippany, near Morristown, New Jersey, the dogs learn, first, simple obedience; secondly, how to guide an instructor; and, finally, how to disobey, intelligently, commands it would be dangerous to carry out. He learns to stop dead at all obstructions, or go around them, to indicate door-knobs by nuzzling them, and to perform a myriad of routine duties difficult for a sightless person.

Most of the dogs used by The Seeing Eye are German shepherds. Dobermanns, Briards and Labrador retrievers have been successfully used. But because of its size and weight, its coat, which is adapted to all kinds of weather, and its extraordinary sense of responsibility, the German shepherd has proven most satisfactory.

There seems to be no difference in intelligence between males and females. But, generally, female dogs are more reliable.

Rule of Kindness—Because it fears that incompetent people might attempt to train guide dogs, with consequent danger to the blind, The Seeing Eye carefully protects its training methods, will only reveal that they are based on kindness rather than fear. They are praised for good work, but are never punished for mistakes.

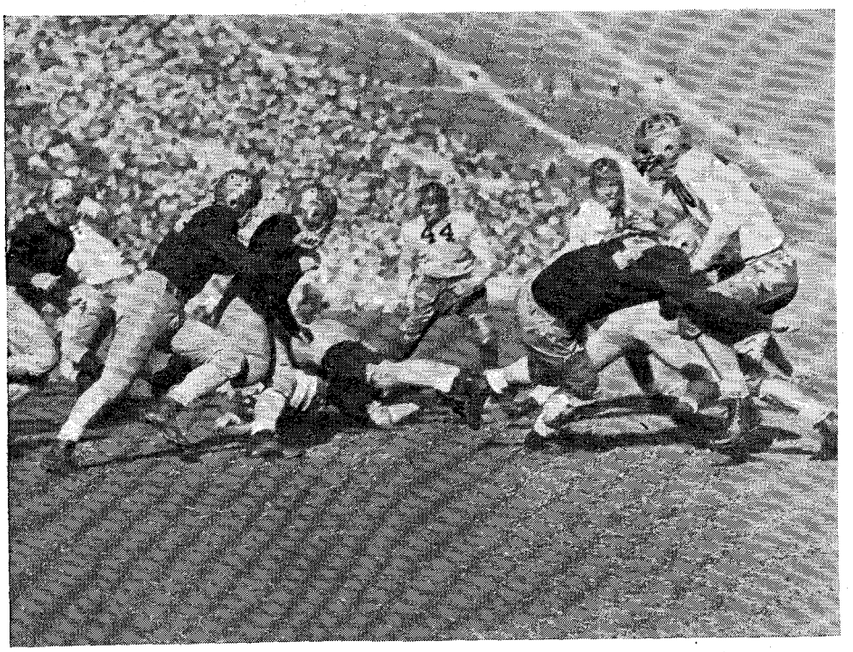
Far more difficult than educating a dog is the task of training instructors who will later teach the blind to use the animal. In contrast to the four months required to school the dog, and the extra month to accustom the blind to use it, it takes three years of intensive training to develop a capable instructor.

In one-month classes of eight each, blind men are trained to use the dogs by walking with them, their left hands lightly holding the leather harness, through the heavy traffic of Morristown. Instructors follow, ready at any moment to protect inexperienced students from danger.

The Seeing Eye is financed solely by public donations. Some dogs are purchased, others are received as gifts. To provide the dog and one month's training for the student costs the school approximately $900. The charge to the student is $150.

Origin—The idea for an organization of this kind in the United States started in 1928. On her Swiss estate, "Fortunate Fields," Mrs. Harrison Eustis maintained a breeding and experimental station for dogs used to patrol the Swiss national borders for the customs service, for the Italian Metropolitan Police, and for trailing and finding missing persons.

At Mrs. Eustis's invitation, Morris S. Frank, a young blind Southerner, went to "Fortunate Fields" and procured Buddy, the first scientifically educated dog ever to



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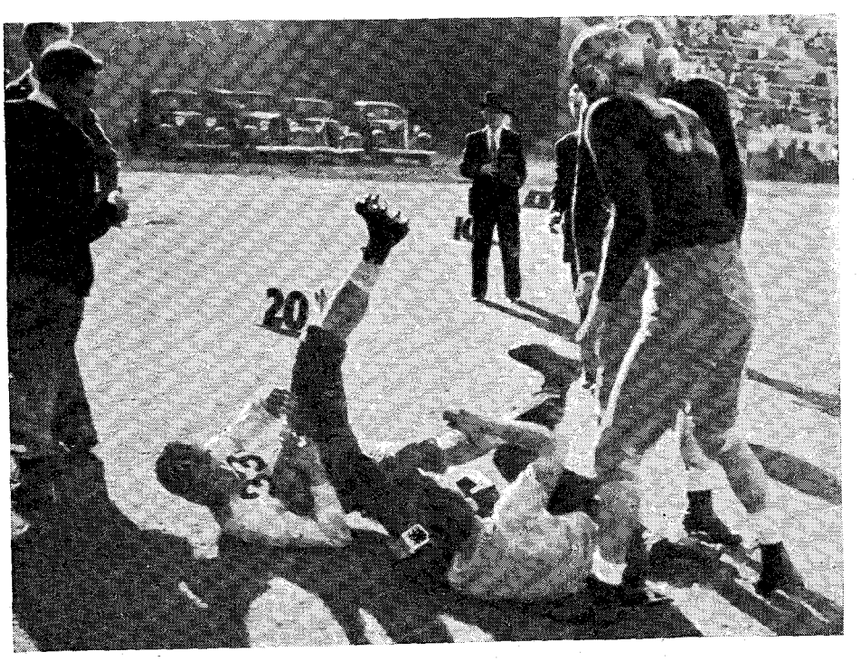
University of Washington Huskies spill the opposition . . .



Acme

and the opposition spills the photographer . . . Washington won

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Dog guides lead the blind past hazards with confidence and smoothness

lead a blind person in this country. Bringing the dog back from Switzerland, Mr. Frank tested himself under every conceivable condition of traffic. When the experiments proved vastly successful, he and Mrs. Eustis founded The Seeing Eye.

By no means limited to this country, dog guides are used extensively abroad. After the World War, the German Government trained 4,000 dogs to guide blinded veterans.

SPORT SHOTS

In Shanghai, China, last week, Mrs. William H. Harkness, Jr., New York explorer, anxiously summoned a former St. Louis baby specialist to prescribe for the ailing cub giant panda she captured near the Tibetan border and was preparing to bring back to the United States.

Diagnosis showed it had colic. Admitting his unfamiliarity with young pandas, Dr. Francis Nance put the cub on a human baby diet—milk and paregoric.

Mrs. Harkness's panda, a small carnivore somewhat resembling a cross between a raccoon and a bear, is the only one ever taken alive, despite frequent costly expeditions to Asia. If it survives the colic and other infant perils, it will be exhibited at New York's Zoological Park.

* * *

Contrary to popular belief, deer are not declining in this country but are increasing rapidly—too rapidly in some States. Paradoxically, hunters are chiefly responsible because, years ago, they organized to protect big game and helped push through strict hunting laws.

Game commissioners estimate the national deer population at 2,000,000, most of which are concentrated in Texas, Minnesota and California, with between 400,000 and 500,000 each. The total kill during the current season, experts say, will probably be about 350,000.

* * *

Joe Herstead, sixteen, of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, fired at an overhead flock of ducks. A large mallard drake fell. Attached to one of its legs was a complete muskrat trap, chains and all.

Citing prodigious feats of strength by huge animals roving the forests, not singly but in fours and fives, veteran Maine woodsmen have warned hunters this fall of a plague of bears, many of which have migrated from Canada. More than 1,000, some reports say, are within a radius of fifty miles of Greenville.

"I know of an instance," Jim Bartlett, Greenville hunter and storekeeper, told the New York *Times*, "where a huge bear stole a barrel of pork weighing 220 pounds from a camp, carried it half a mile, then set it down, knocked the head in with its paws, and gobbled up the pork."

Hunters in Vermont, game wardens report, will have to contend with "an army of wildcats," more numerous than ever and weighing between fifteen and forty pounds each.

* * *

Hunting for rabbits with his friend, Mayor Charles N. Butler, Jr., of Patchogue, Long Island, Police Lieutenant Reynold Wicks wandered off alone through a swamp near Yaphank. He dropped his gun in surprize when a large ringtail raccoon suddenly sprang at him.

Wicks took to a tree. The raccoon squatted at its base. Hearing his colleague's shouts, Deputy Sheriff John Ed Davis went to his aid and killed the thirty-eight pound beast.

* * *

No pastime for the unmoneyed, foxhunting in Great Britain between now and next October will cost its wealthy patrons some $60,000,000 for horses, hounds, servants and equipment, the British Field Sports Society estimates.

When the last "Tally Ho!" sounds, 15,000 foxes will have been killed. Cost per fox: $4,000.

* * *

To Stanley Lusczek, eighteen-year-old Manville, New Jersey, hunter, retrieving fallen game with a bird dog is sissy stuff. Stalking pheasants recently along the Raritan River, Lusczek shot two. They fell on the opposite bank.

Undressing, he broke the ice along the river's edge and swam to the other side. Retrieving the birds, he swam back, dressed and went home.

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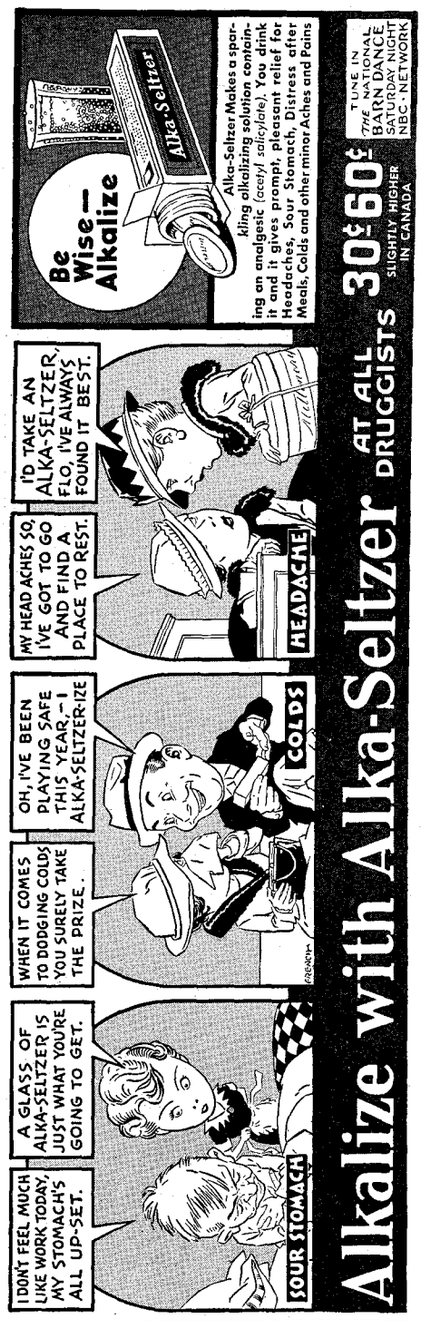
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Finance and Industry

EXPANDING TRADE LOOKS FOR BOOM

Lagging Wall Street Expects Restrictions to Prevent Inflation

Wall Street's Thanksgiving fare last week was rich with extra dividends, increased industrial earnings, new financing projects, impressive proofs of expanded and expanding trade and profits.

Steel manufacturers advanced prices $1 to $4 a ton, reported increased ingot production. Railroads recorded greatest operating activity since the early days of the depression, announced fat orders for new equipment. Industrial corporations in variety disclosed plant-extension projects, outlined financing plans to provide for them.

Dividends—In the wake of United States Steel's ordered distribution of $7 a share on its preferred stock, increased or unusual dividends were declared by such business leaders as American Can, Montgomery Ward, United Fruit, Royal Typewriter, Hercules Powder, United Corporation, Shell Union Oil, United Stores, J. C. Penney, Savage Arms, Bridgeport Brass, First National Stores, North American Company, Norfolk & Western Railway, and a dozen more. Certainty that many another big corporation will follow suit during December became apparent.

Yet Wall Street's Thanksgiving-week mood was not wholly happy.

Omens—Chiefly, they saw the Roosevelt Administration pressing to prevent inflation from manifesting itself in the Stock Market. Moodily, they considered such significant post-Election events as (1) the President's intimation that foreign buying of securities will be curbed, (2) the Security and Exchange Commission's sudden new activity in the matter of further curtailment of Stock Market dealings, (3) the Treasury's surprizing embargo upon private exports of gold, (4) the Government's preparation to narrow the country's credit base again by cutting down bank reserves, presumably through another mark-up of legal reserve requirements.

In such omens Wall Street captiously read further restriction of opportunity, further cold-watering of enterprise. Particularly disquieting to the rank and file was the SEC's openly indicated purpose to move at once for tighter handcuffing of Stock Market trading by making it more difficult and costly for the public, by also limiting the activities of Stock Exchange brokers and holding them to non-member margin requirements.

Credit Control—Less disturbed were bankers by Washington's broad intimation that there is also to be tighter handcuffing of credit, that upping bank reserve requirements another 50 per cent. is likely to follow completion this month of necessary large-scale Government financing. Preferring other methods of credit control, most financiers are agreed, however, that the country's now huge surplus of reserves has become a menace for which some control is necessary.

At present the surplus is sufficient to permit an expansion of more than $15,000,000,000 in bank deposits. The intimated 50 per cent. advance in requirements will reduce the excess by two-thirds, will so broadly diminish the potential danger of such a credit expansion boom as produced the catastrophe of 1929 and the following depression. With precautionary measures, therefore, wise bankers do not quarrel, however much they resent continuing Federal strictures upon their activities.

SKIS AID BOOM: Railroads Rejoice Over Growing Popularity of Snow Trains

News of department store and sporting-goods house activity made cheerful reading for railroad executives last week. In New York, Chicago, San Francisco and a dozen other cities, skiing equipment sales boomed at an avalanche pace, causing optimistic observers to dub skiing America's swiftest-growing sport. In New York City alone, sales of skis, ski suits and ski poles promised to exceed $1,000,000 before Christmas. For railroad executives that was good news, since skiers use trains. More equipment sales meant more skiers.

This meant, in turn, that the specially scheduled, low-cost snow trains probably would yield a profit this year for the first time since the Boston & Maine initiated the service as a non-profit promotion stunt five years ago. Since skiing equipment sales had increased throughout the country, rail men assured themselves that the sport which had first taken root in the East was spreading west.

Executives therefore looked forward confidently to a 75 to 100 per cent. increase in snow train passenger volume. They expected this increase not only because of the sport's growing popularity, but also because the use of snow trains had mounted steadily in the last several years.

Typical rise of passenger volume is that of New York, New Haven & Hartford, which three years ago was first to run snow trains out of New York. In 1935, it carried 2,800 snow train passengers; in 1936, 14,000. For 1937, it estimates 25,000.

Scheduled Trains—For the 1937 season, which starts early in January and closes late in March, many cities will have their allotment of snow trains. Pittsburghers will have Baltimore & Ohio trains running to northern New York; Chicago skiers will have New York Central trains running to Grayling, Michigan; Portland, Oregon, San Francisco and Los Angeles enthusiasts will use buses to spots where trains do not run; New Englanders will find ample service along the rails of the Boston & Maine.

Life on a snow train varies according to the trip. The skier who takes the Sunday trip catches a 7:30 A.M. train. Once aboard, the four-hour trip passes quickly. Passengers wax skis, renew old friendships, pass helpful hints, sing close harmony.

Ski instructors provided by the railroad circulate looking for customers at $1 a lesson. Experts and beginners alike hurriedly gulp down their home-made lunch or a dining-car lunch, anxious to get out in the

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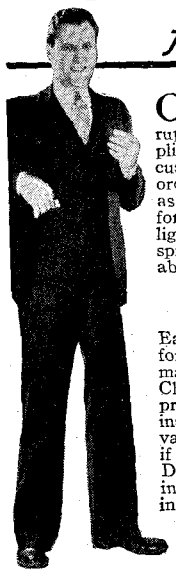
Improved Support for Hernia



ONE of the safest and most comfortable supports for reducible rupture is the improved Brooks Appliance with its soft, automatic air-cushion. Many thousands have been ordered by physicians for patients as well as for personal use. Made for men, women and children, it is light, neat-fitting, and without springs or hard pads. Being washable, it can be kept sanitary.

STOP YOUR RUPTURE WORRIES!

Each Appliance is made especially for the individual case from information easily filled in on our Fitting Chart. The Brooks Appliance is low-priced and **sent on trial** with simple instructions for adjusting in the privacy of your home. It can be returned if the user is not entirely satisfied. Don't neglect rupture. Never sold in stores, so write us, direct, for full information and our liberal trial offer which will be sent in a plain envelope. All correspondence confidential.

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35 NEW CHRISTMAS FOLDERS

62 Colored Seals,
14 Tags, 6 Labels—

ALL FOR 98c Post-Paid

The 35 beautiful folders in this assortment (all different) are in three or four colors and gold and silver. Some die cut with metallic paper showing through, some with ribbon and cord ties, all with envelopes to fit. The designs are all tasteful and artistic, lithographed on special quality paper, and include all of the Christmas symbols—Christmas trees, candles, poinsettias, sleighing scenes, etc. Average size about 4¼x5½ inches, double fold.

Seals, Tags, and Labels

There are 62 colored seals in this assortment, mostly embossed in colors and gold and silver. The 14 tags—10 embossed—are in colors and gold. The 6 labels have attractive designs and are in colors. These accessories are ideal for use in dressing up Christmas packages and making them more attractive.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

If you are not entirely satisfied with your purchase, you may return the assortment or assortments to us within ten days after receipt at our expense and we will refund your money in full.

Donald Mason, P. O. Box 103 2
Madison Square Station, New York City.

Please send me.....sets of your Christmas folder assortment at 98c. each, for which I enclose $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

snow. At dusk, they rush for the dining-car again, and spend the rest of the ride home planning for the next week's trip.

Average budget: Lunch, 50 cents; dinner, 90 cents; equipment rental, skis and harness, $1.50; poles, 50 cents; boots, $1. Caps, mittens and ski suits are also available for hire. With the fare averaging $2.50, a day's total can be as low as $3 or as high as $10.

Sleigh-Rides—Week-end trips begin late Friday night, entail an overnight ride in a berth or in the coaches, at an average fare of $7.50. For $5 more, a skier gets three meals Saturday, two Sunday, and Saturday night's lodging. In small communities, the railroad arranges for sleigh-ride parties and barn dances at no extra charge.

Railroads do little direct advertising. Through ski clubs, which sometimes hire whole coaches for their own groups, department store information booths, bulletin boards and mailing-lists, the skiing public keeps informed of latest weather reports, trail conditions, train schedules and special features. Between seasons, lecturers with films of winter sports are made available without charge to interested groups.

Accepted greeting in the city on recognizing the face but not name of a fellow ski enthusiast is: "Hi, Snowtrain!"

TROUBLE SPOTTERS: Willmark Service Checks Customer Appeal of Thousands of Businesses

In 1916, twenty-six-year-old Will Bernstein and his twenty-eight-year-old brother, Mark, leaned over a Liggett Drug Store counter for a quick lunch. They ate at Liggett's because Mark had a job there checking up on service. But the lunch went unfinished, because in the middle of it Will had an idea. That idea was to expand the kind of job Mark did for Liggett's into a nation-wide service.

Breathless with enthusiasm, the brothers appraised the idea's possibilities. Business, they were sure, needed and would pay for investigators who would find out whether clerks treated customers with intelligence, whether employees handled jobs properly.

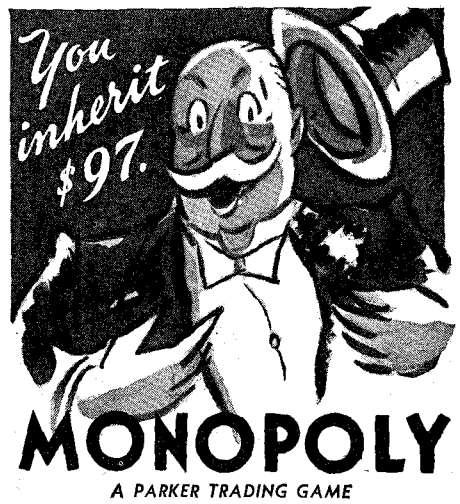
More Ideas—Young Will snapped his fingers, boomed in his deep barytone that he also had an idea for a slogan: "To test, teach and correct." Mark had another idea. Why not combine their given names, dub their company the Willmark Service System? Will agreed.

In surmising that business would pay for scientific "once-overs" by outside investigators, the Brothers Bernstein were right. So right that Willmark Service System, Inc., has grown into a concern that grosses $2,000,000 annually.

Last week, 650 field investigators, working out of twenty-three branch offices, scattered throughout the country, drew pay from the Willmark till for playing the rôles of patrons, using trained eyes, ears, noses and memories in hotels, restaurants and merchandising outlets.

Hotels—For a hotel client, the Willmark investigator wades into his job by haggling with the room clerk when he makes reservations. In his room, the investigator imperiously orders the bell-boy to open or shut windows, to turn the heat on or off; attempts to draw him into conversation about the hotel, notes the youth's reaction when he fails to tip. He uses the phone

The PARKER GAMES



MONOPOLY

A PARKER TRADING GAME

WORLD WIDE GAME CRAZE

The improved White Box Set with removable Bank (compartment tray), double supply special "Slip" Money and gold stamped Grand Hotels is the favorite medium priced set. 3 to 10 players. Price $3.50. Monopoly from $2 upwards. Beautiful New $10 and $25 Sets. **Rules include Two Forms of "Short" Monopoly for a Quick game.** Sold everywhere!

Famous and Exciting Battle game for Men and Boys. A hundred times more lively than checkers. A wonderful game! $1 to $5 a set.

Latest game thrill for youngsters up to 90 years of age. Run down the "Public Enemy"—Get your man! Price $1.50.

At All Dealers or by mail from Salem

OTHER FAMOUS PARKER GAMES include PING-PONG (still going strong), MAKE A MILLION (sensational card game—delights all MONOPOLY players), SORRY (unique English board game), PIGSKIN (by Tom Hamilton, famous Navy coach), FINANCE (another Parker Trading game), Hendrik Van Loon's WIDE WORLD game, etc.

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

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Brothers Bernstein: Will and Mark, manager and mentor of Willmark Service System, Inc.

allegedly to summon other friends in the hotel, times the operators' responses with stop-watch.

He hunts under the bed for dust, drops match-sticks into the closet to see if the maid will remove them the next day. He places his room key outside his door, sleeps with door unlocked, waits to see if employees will remind him of his negligence. Also, he never neglects to send a suit to the valet with a $1 bill tucked in the vest pocket to test that employee's honesty.

In the dining-room the investigator picks a row with the waiter and the head waiter over the crispness of the bacon, the hardness of the eggs. Then, as the waiter scurries with the dish, he times him with a stop-watch.

Report—In the lobby, he leers at the public stenographer, loiters about suspiciously to see if the house detective is on his toes. Often the investigator complains to a doorman about the quality and price of the hotel's food. Sometimes the employee replies: "I don't blame you for kicking. Why not try Steuben's or the Coffee Pot?"

The investigator details his researches in an eighty-two-page printed questionnaire which covers the hotel service, from the condition of curtains and rug in the room to the state of the door-man's cuff.

Three months later, another Willmark man checks the hotel again to see if service has improved.

Stores—In a department store or other merchandising outlet, the investigator marks with a stop-watch the amount of time elapsed before he obtains service. He notes the clerk's interest and salesmanship in selling a tie, whether an attempt is made to sell a tie of a higher price. Usually, the investigator hands the clerk a $1 bill, insists that it was a $5 bill when change is made, notes the clerk's poise in handling the situation. From stores and hotels which they study, Willmark investigators annually buy $4,000,000 worth of merchandise and service.

If store sales are falling off, Willmark will study the quality of the product, will measure the density of pedestrian traffic outside the store and across the street. Also, the company will measure the entrance to the store, tell the owner whether his window display space is adequate. Also it will study competition in the neighborhood.

Once the brothers Will and Mark Bernstein served as their own leg men, hustled around the country in search of business weak spots. From their experiences, they distilled a training course for present investigators.

Investigators—To get a job as Willmark investigator, a high-school education is sufficient, but a college degree is better. Willmark tests applicants' arithmetic, adaptability, memory, eyesight. One thing is vital: prospective investigators must learn to act and argue like traveling salesmen. Hotels worry much about traveling salesmen because they spend much of their lives in hotels, know and are jealous of their rights.

Twelve thousand concerns annually ask the Brothers Bernstein to place shrewd fingers on their business pulse, to prescribe for them if they are ill.

Out of the latter type of request has grown an important part of the Willmark service. As business doctors, Will and Mark Bernstein publish for merchandising executives the *Willmark Pioneer,* which monthly lists lessons learned in Willmark research. For their clients' salespeople, Willmark publishes the *Sales Blazer,* an inspirational pamphlet suggesting improved salesmanship. For hotel employees, Willmark has still another "blazer" pamphlet of do and don't.

Survey—Important as revenue producer for Willmark Service System, Inc., also, is the company's public opinion survey. For a public utility troubled about public relations, Willmark will poll customers, suggest correctives.

For its services, Willmark charges from $300 to $110,000, depending on the scope and size of the assignment. This year, fees are expected to gross about $2,000,000, which is 25 per cent. better than last year.

Will Bernstein, the younger brother, looks the older, nervously smokes cigars and cigarettes, pounds his desk with great energy to drive home a point. Once a messenger-boy, he now greatly relishes the rôle of bossing 700 employees.

Older brother Mark, once a Wall Street runner, is Willmark's scholar. Altho Will had the original idea, Mark now directs research, handles promotion, financial policies. When not selling new Willmark services or thinking up new Willmark ideas, the Brothers Bernstein spend long hours on their knees with their grandchildren. (Will is forty-six; Mark forty-eight.)

FLOATING BANKS: Seagoing Branches Create Good-Will for Parent Organizations

From behind the grill of the seagoing teller's cage, the impeccable young man in a tab collar and sack coat smiled at the query of a matronly fellow voyager from Hammersmith, London.

"In America, does one really do one's shopping with chicken-feed?"

Demonstration—The young man nodded, accepted a pound note, pushed a pile of American half dollars, quarters and dimes toward the matron.

"This, in America," he said in musical Oxonian, "is chicken-feed."

Last week, as Cunard White Star's *Queen Mary* churned westward to New York, three tellers and their manager in the compact bank on the main deck daily solved problems such as these, daily strove to live up to their own sly motto, "Always afloat, but never at sea."

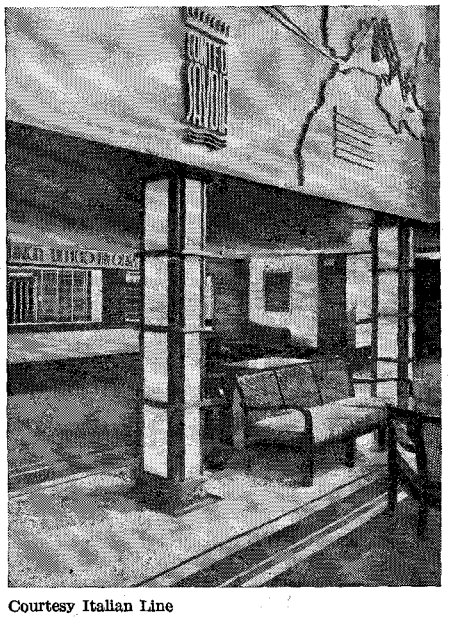
Most passengers ask few questions, revel in the luxury of having a bank around the corner on the main deck, of trading with checks in the liner's shops, in the smoking-room, in the cocktail lounge.

They line the bank's grilled windows when the *Queen Mary* gets under way, identify themselves through their passports, open deposit accounts with cash, travelers' checks or letters of credit issued by banks and express companies.

Of greatest service to passengers is the bank's readiness to translate domestic currency into that of foreign lands. Daily, the floating bank receives wireless foreign exchange quotations for its guidance. For the dollars, pounds or francs of passengers, it exchanges other currencies, charges a small fee.

Surprize—Virtually all of the 2,000-odd passengers usually aboard the *Queen Mary* discover to their surprize that in doing so they are transacting business, not with the Cunard White Star Line, but with the world's largest commercial bank: Midland, of London.

In 1920, the Midland's canny directors pondered a scheme to win good-will and increase their bank's business. Ocean-goers aboard the luxury liners, they knew,



Courtesy Italian Line

A branch of the Banca Commerciale Italiana serves voyagers on the "Conte di Savoia"

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are to a large degree men of means and position. By offering them banking facilities at sea, the bank might win their patronage on land.

Midland's directors took space on the *Mauretania*, paid the line a nominal rental. For the floating bank's staff they chose their most personable young men, paid first class fares for their passage. The floating bank idea caught on. From it, Midland made no money, yet placed branches on the *Aquitania*, the *Berengaria;* finally on the *Queen Mary* it installed three branches—cabin, tourist and third class.

The Midland's *Queen Mary* branch approximates a small bedroom (12′x12′), and is outfitted with a counter with tills and stations for three cashiers. In the bank are a large steel safe, typewriters and calculating-machines.

Branches—Since checking accounts at sea are for the duration of the voyage only, passengers often transfer their remaining balances to Midland's Overseas branch in London. Often they avail themselves of other Midland Bank services; transference of funds to other banks, obtaining passport visés. Soon the traveler learns that Midland operates 2,500 branches in the United Kingdom, can meet his needs through 13,000 agents and representatives throughout the world.

The Banca Commerciale Italiana of Milan liked Midland's floating bank idea so well it placed branches on the *Rex* and the *Conte di Savoia*, helped to solve lira exchange problems, to interest travelers in extending their visits in Italy. On the old *Leviathan*, too, the National City Bank of New York had a branch.

On board the French Line's *Normandie* and other ships, the Purser still maintains his traditional rôle of keeper of travelers' funds, seller of travelers' checks. On ships boasting banks, however, the Purser's fiduciary duties have been limited to caring for passengers' jewels and other valuables in the liner's strong-box.

RICH OLD HAT: Molybdenum Mining Adds Millions to Wealth of Arizonians

As regularly as the tides every Tuesday and Friday morning, Bill Whiting, once cow-hand, now mail-carrier, pokes his leathery face, pipe and all, into the frame post-office at Copper Creek, Arizona. Bill has the bow-legged stance of a man who has spent most of his life in the saddle. Since he entered *Uncle Sam's* service several years ago, however, he has spent most of his time afoot, prodding the burros which haul his mail.

On two of those Arizona "mountain canaries" last week the cowboy postman packed the mail parcels that had come clattering by truck from Mammoth, ten miles to the southwest. Then, grumbling a little, Bill Whiting set out for the Sombrero Butte mining-camp fifteen miles away by trail over the wild Galiuro Mountains.

Whiting grumbled because, for one thing, winter was coming in. That meant snow and sleet soon would obliterate the trail over the Galiuros, turn the plodding journey to Sombrero Butte into high adventure with disaster grinning from behind every slithery ridge.

Growing Burden—He grumbled also because weekly his mail packs grew bulkier. The two "mountain canaries" pulled eagerly as they headed toward their stables in Sombrero Butte, but, after all, they could haul only 400 pounds between them. Soon Whiting might have to add another burro to his mail-train, for Sombrero Butte, long only a skeleton reminder of former mining glories, suddenly had taken on new life.

From Tucson, forty miles to the south, miners daily trickled into Mammoth, then hit the thirty-mile tortuous road around the mountains to the ridge which long-dead miners dubbed Sombrero because it looked for all the world like a Gargantuan ten-gallon hat. For the region dominated by the ridge those miners had, as a matter of fact, chosen the name, Old Hat.

Old-timers in Southern Arizona figure that the Old Hat diggings have yielded $3,000,000 in gold since 1881. But it wasn't gold that set Old Hat booming this year. The cause was a lead gray, malleable metal which looks like platinum and is scientifically called molybdenum. Miners who pry it from Arizona's scorched earth call it Molly-Be-Damned. Metallurgists call it Moly (pronounced Molly).

Treasure—Half a century ago, thousands of tons of molybdenum ore were discarded as worthless while miners pursued the more precious silver and gold. Now Molly-Be-Damned is pay dirt. As calcium molybdate, a cream-yellow chalk powder, it commands a price of 80 cents a pound. In this form it is shipped east, where steel-makers find twelve pounds of calcium molybdate usually contain five pounds of pure moly, use it as alloying element with steel and cast-iron. The metal so produced has extraordinary toughness and fatigue-strength, is admirably suited for machine tools. Moly also is used as filament for radio tubes, as coloring agent for glass and pottery.

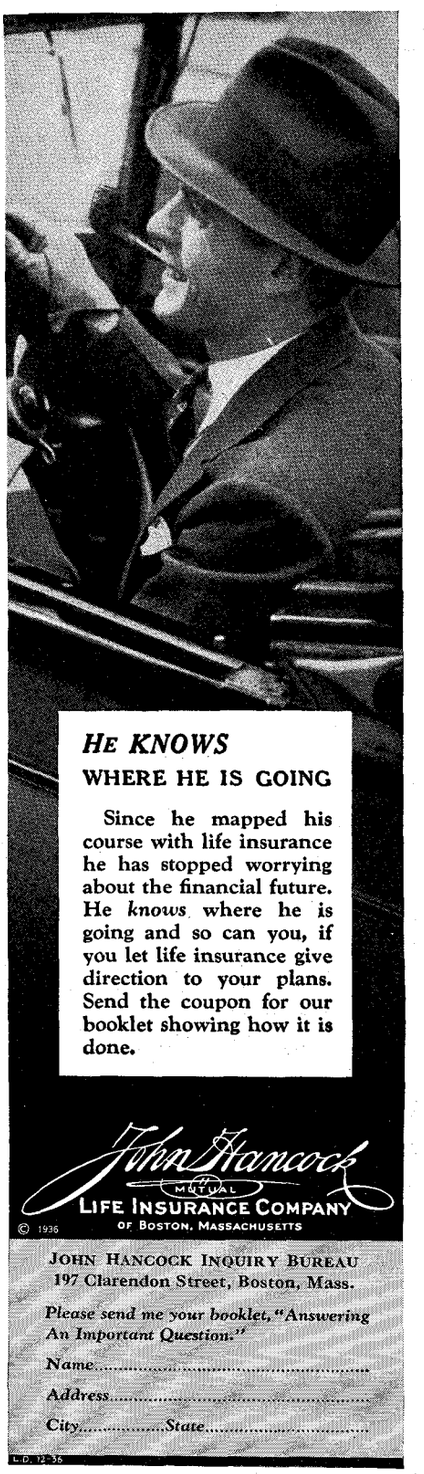
Eighty per cent. of America's moly comes from Colorado. But the next best source is southern Arizona. There the Arizona Molybdenum Corporation produces from its mines at Copper Creek 1,000,000 pounds a year.

In recent months, the rival Molybdenum Gold Mining Company near Mammoth has speeded operations, now digs moly at the rate of 3,000 tons (of ore) monthly.

Mining news in Arizona is big news, for the Apache State is the West's largest ore producer in general and the country's largest copper producer in particular. Arizona miners like to point out that the State has yielded almost $3,000,000,000 worth of gold, silver, lead, zinc and other metals in seventy-six years. They like to boast, too, of Arizona's copper production. Last year, the State produced 135,000 tons, one-third of the 381,295 produced in the entire country.

Therefore, when production of copper slumps to a 61,349-ton low, as it did in 1933, all Arizona wears a long face. When production perks up to 135,000 tons, as it did last year, Arizonians know better times are here. This year copper production will approximate 180,000 tons, which is a far cry from the 414,603-ton peak of 1929, but still much better than the gray picture of 1933.

Wages Rise—This week, Arizona's twelve major mining concerns added further to the State's happiness by lifting the pay of some 7,500 miners an estimated $500,000 annually. For the Phelps Dodge Corporation, a 5 per cent. pay boost constituted the second such increase for 4,600 miners, smelters and mechanics in three months. The company's $6,147,878 profits in 1935 had been the greatest since 1929. Furthermore, its copper sales for the first half of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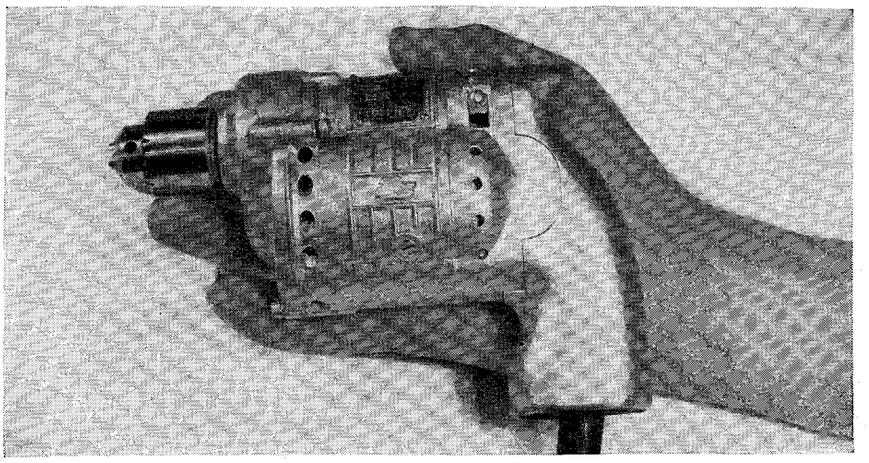
1936 already had doubled the showing for the similar period last year.

Pinal County, in which Sombrero Butte, Mammoth and Copper Creek lie, is some sixty miles from the Mexican border. South and southwest of Pinal are Pima and Cochise Counties. In Cochise County lies Tombstone, once known as the Silver Capital of the nation. In both Pima and Cochise Counties, the Phelps Dodge Corporation, the American Smelting and Refining Co., the Kennecott Copper Company and the New Christmas Copper Corporation have retimbered old underground copper workings and are preparing to absorb a good part of the 4,000 miners still unemployed in Arizona.



Smallest and lightest electric drill fits into the hand like an automatic revolver

Engineering

POWER PARADE: Two Billion Dollars in New Machines for 1937; Shop-Window for Industry

One American workman produces as much as nearly two Germans, two Frenchmen, three Italians or three and one-half Russians. That is not because the American's skill and training are superior, but, rather, because there's more horse-power available in the United States.

With approximately 7 per cent. of the world's population, the United States does almost half the world's work. America's daily output of power is approximately thirteen and one-half horse-power hours *per capita*, compared with less than one for Brazil and Peru and less than two for Chile or Argentina.

The world's work is done by the following agencies: animals, 6 per cent.; water-power, 9 per cent.; humans, 12 per cent.; petroleum, 17 per cent.; and coal, 56 per cent.

Exposition—For more power, the nation's industry turns, every two years, to the Power Show, as it is called in brief, tho its official name is the Twelfth National Exposition of Power and Mechanical Engineering. All this week, the first three floors of the Grand Central Palace, New York City, resound to the tread of automotive designers, rubber manufacturers, petroleum workers, bus-transport operators, power-plant engineers, railroad men, mariners, fabricators of farm implements, public utilitarians, iron, steel, heating, ventilating and lighting industrialists.

The whir of machinery and gleam of alloys are key-notes of this industrial event, Mecca for thousands of technically-minded Americans. Three hundred exhibitors stress improved standard products and new developments of research. For two years, draftsmen have been penciling blue-prints and wheels have been turning out new labor-saving machinery.

This national mart for power and mechanical equipment represents everything from the heavy machinery used in great factories to the finest and most delicate of precision instruments. Their applications range from the beauty-parlor to the oil-field; from the hamburger stand to the metropolitan sky-scraper.

Incentive to create outstanding exhibits is great because of the assured purchasing-power of American industry and the increasing tendency of boards of directors to reinvest earnings in new plant equipment and in reconditioning machinery which has become obsolescent.

Tiny Drill—One exhibitor is showing the smallest and lightest electric drill ever made. Tho only half the over-all size of any other quarter-inch electric drill, it produces the same power. Used in a wide gamut of production and maintenance work, it is so small that it fits the hand like a low-caliber automatic pistol.

There is a working model of a seventy-nine-inch hot-strip mill while another exhibitor shows the colorful setting of tapping molten steel from an open-hearth furnace. Transmission equipment includes latest developments in use of ball, roller and thrust bearings; silent and roller-chain drives and a variable-transmission device claiming "a million speeds at the touch of a finger."

One abrasive cutting machine on display employs a cutting disk only 3/32 inch across, tho it will cut solid-bar materials up to five inches thick.

A new insulating cement offers: high efficiency up to 1,800 degrees Fahrenheit, 20 per cent. greater coverage, drying to smooth finish with quick application, minimum shrinkage and tight adherence.

Edward Bausch: started making microscopes at fourteen . . . hasn't stopped at eighty-two

Demands for more power for a resurgent American industry and a plethora of obsolescent equipment forecast an unprecedented period of buying ahead. Replacements of large, heavy equipment used in power-generation to mechanical apparatus for handling materials and tools presage $2,000,000,000 worth of new buying for industry next year.

Tho engineers spend a good deal of time this week in shopping for improved power products, they also must find time to attend the meetings of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and the American Society of Refrigerating Engineers.

Stars of the former session are Henry Ford and Edward Bausch, Chairman of the Board of Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, New York. They receive the A.S.M.E.'s annual awards for distinguished service in engineering and science, and "for great and unique acts of an engineering nature that have accomplished a great and timely benefit to the public."

Doctor Bausch receives the A.S.M.E. Medal and Mr. Ford the Holley Medal, the former established in 1920 and the latter in 1923.

The A.S.M.E. Medal is awarded once a year "for inventions and improvements of great merit in the technical and public sense."

At fourteen, Edward Bausch built his first microscope. Now, at eighty-two, with scores of patents to his credit, he still is active in designing optical instruments and machinery. Workers in the twenty-four-acre Bausch & Lomb Rochester plant are accustomed to the straight figure of a man who stops at their lens-grinding machines, beside the instrument benches or appears in the glare of furnaces in the glass-plant on the Genesee River flats, watching with bright, interested eyes as skilled hands follow their appointed tasks.

Veterans—He knows many of the 3,500 employees by their first names, for 350 of them have been with the company for more than twenty-five years, some more than forty or fifty years. They can remember when there was no gray in his hair. Now, his shapely head and finely chiseled features remind one of a Roman patrician's bust.

Working with associates in solving knotty optical problems, Doctor Bausch's latest masterpiece is the Contour Measuring Projector, a new instrument of great utility in industry. This has proved to be a valuable inspection device in many types of manufacturing, particularly for those whose products are composed of small, irregular parts.

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Mail

(*Continued from page 1*)

helpful to those of us who have whetted our appetites through winning small prizes in local contests.
Brooklyn. MAX AMRON.

THE LITERARY DIGEST has received so many letters on "Contests" that it rewards its readers with a nice, long list of names and addresses of contest magazines, instructors, etc.: Gilson VanderVeer Willets, National Contest Headquarters, 1430 Twenty-sixth Avenue, San Francisco; San Francisco *News*, care of Contest Editor; Certified Contest Service, Suite 3431, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City; *The Contest Magazine*, also *Nuggets*, A. D. Freese and Son, Upland, Indiana; *The Contest News*, 512 Fourth Street, Toledo, Ohio; *The Contest World*, Buffalo, New York; *Healy's Contest Bulletin*, 20 West Washington Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; *The Monthly Contest Guide*, 1819 Marshall Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota; Wilmer Shepherd, 6230 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia; David Grant, 500 Cedar Street, Douglas, Wyoming; Clarence B. Farrar, *The Radio Deal*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Author and Journalist*, Denver, Colorado; *The Writer's Digest*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *The Writer's Monthly*, Springfield, Massachusetts; *The Editor*, Highland Falls, New York.—*Editor.*

"AND WHAT, MAY I ASK, IS A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM?"

—Lichty in Tampa Tribune

Reading Time

Sir:—I have been a subscriber to THE LITERARY DIGEST for a number of years. On the average I have not spent more than twenty minutes perusing an issue, but I put in an hour and twenty minutes on your issue of November 21.

You seem to be going places.
East Orange, New Jersey. S. W. TAYLOR.

Bronco Busting

Sir:—Marian Ray, in the November 7 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, says that bucking horses are cruelly treated, that they are made to buck by tying a rope tightly around the animal's loins.

Not here in California. I have owned several horses which would buck hard every morning; they gloried in it. And as there is no thrill in the world like riding a "bucker" before breakfast, I hope Marian Ray will not ask us to desist from this admirable setting-up exercise.
Riverside, California. N. C. HUNT.

Upon Miss Ray's rebuke to THE LITERARY DIGEST for "giving prominence to a display of brutality" in describing the recent rodeo at Madison Square Garden, New York, the editor checked with Mr. Sydney H. Coleman, Executive Vice-President of the A.S.P.C.A.

Mr. Coleman's opinion: "In New York, we require a special sheep-wool lining on all flank straps in bucking events; our inspectors see that these straps are not drawn too tightly. . . . The horses are natural buckers. There is, however, possibility of the horse being injured in its efforts to dislodge the rider.

"In some of the Western rodeos, where no supervision exists, ropes are used instead of straps, and these cut into the animal's flesh. We are opposed to this cruel treatment."

R. O. T. C.

Sir:—I am at a loss to account for the misstatements made in THE LITERARY DIGEST of November 14. You say that compulsory military training is effective in forty-five of the forty-eight States; the State of Missouri should not be included along with the two States, Minnesota and Wisconsin, which do not require compulsory military training. Also, you say that the faculty of the University of Missouri finally abolished compulsory drill. . . .

It is true that the faculty recommended that R.O.T.C. training be placed on an elective basis, but this was disapproved by the Board of Curators. . . .

May I ask that your misstatements be corrected and that the University of Missouri be given credit for doing its full part toward National Defense?
University of Missouri. COL. M. G. RANDOL.

Sir:—I enjoyed your good article on the outcome of the Oregon referendum. But, unless I am mistaken, you will get a slight kick-back on two points:

Your undue compliment to the University of Missouri undoubtedly will be objected to because the faculty recommendation that R.O.T.C. be shifted from a compulsory to an optional basis was finally rejected by the Board of Curators—meaning that compulsory drill still prevails there.

I suspect, also, that some one will quarrel with your reference to the results of my study of comparative costs and efficiency.
EDWIN C. JOHNSON,
New York City. Committee on Militarism.

Sir:—If, as you state, it costs $739 to educate an officer in the compulsory units and only $305 in the voluntary units, and, to quote you: "the difference being that the latter are more efficient," why waste money on the compulsory units? WILLIAM R. FOGG.
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania.

The editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST apologizes to Colonel Randol for any suggestion that Missouri is not doing its full part in defending the nation and thanks Mr. Johnson for anticipating the comment of Mr. Fogg.

Social Security

Sir:—The economics class of Opp High School has been studying Social Insurance. In your issue of November 7, under the topic, "Unemployment Compensation," you make this statement: "Every man that employs eight or more persons during twenty weeks of the year pays this tax—in addition to the Old-Age Benefit tax."

In *The Forum*, May, 1935, this statement is made: "First, it imposes a Federal tax of 3 per cent. upon the pay-roll of every employer in the United States who has four or more workers."

Would you please explain this apparent inconsistency? ROBERT PAGE.

Section 907 of Title IX of the Social Security Act will convince Mr. Page, we trust, that THE LITERARY DIGEST'S statement was correct.

THE LITERARY DIGEST articles on the Social Security program have aroused so many letter writers with queries best answered at the source of information that further requests for information should be sent to: The Information Bureau, The Social Security Board, Washington, D. C., or to any one of the fifty-six branch offices of the board.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That you can turn on the moon at will in your home? (See page 3.)

Who tried to fight 100 duels? (See page 11.)

Why detectives were hired to watch a first nighter's gardenia? (See page 19.)

That you can get an imported skeleton for $75—but not from Russia? (See page 17.)

Who held a million dollars' worth of literature in his lap to write a "scoop" review? (See page 25.)

That "game laws" list forty-two varieties of whales? (See page 14.)

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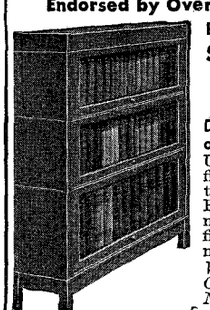

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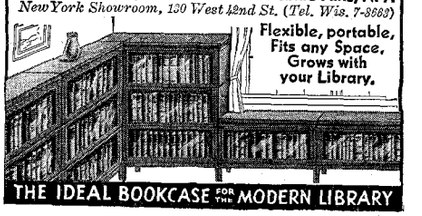

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Years ago, The Digest's Science and Medicine Editor hit upon a formula for steering between the Scylla of too-technical phraseology and the Charybdis of inaccuracy. He was convinced that the public needed to know more about science, that it would never turn to the professional journals for it. He had been born with a gift for humanizing words, and he had educated himself in many a scientific field. And he had the determination to improve both assets.

Steadily, down through the years, he has managed to gain friends among the reading public without ever losing a single friend in the laboratories. The Digest is proud of the fact that the profession trusts him no less than the readers.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to his work is the daily stack of letters he receives—some asking for information, some seeking advice, most of them praising specific articles in The Digest.

And the letters are about evenly divided between average readers and great masters of the test-tube and scalpel.

The Spice of Life

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Lyric.—VISITOR: "I found something very absorbing on your desk."

POET (highly delighted): "Indeed! One of my poems, I presume."

VISITOR: "No, a piece of blotting paper."—*Boston Transcript.*

Pet.—THOUGHTFUL FRIEND: "My good man, why don't you take the street-car home?"

ILLUMINATED ONE: "Sh' no ushe. Wife wouldn't let me keep it in the houshe."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Barber.—MADGE: "Don't you sailors have a special ship where you get your hair cut? A sort of floating barber-shop?"

SAILOR: "No, there ain't no such ships in our fleet."

MADGE: "Then what are these clipper ships I've heard so much about?"—*U. S. S. Reina Mercedes.*

Viper.—COWBOY: "My podner and I are taking a trip through the desert next week. He's taking along a gallon of whisky for rattlesnake bites."

VISITOR: "And what are you taking along?"

COWBOY: "Two rattlesnakes."—*West Virginia Mountaineer.*

Thespian.—The class in public speaking was to give pantomimes that afternoon. One frosh got up when called on, went to the platform and stood perfectly still.

"Well," said the prof. after a minute's wait for something to happen. "What do you represent?"

"I'm imitating a man going up in an elevator," was the quick response.—*Illinois Guardsman.*

Advice.—The lonely American entered a tea-room in London.

"May I take your order?" the sprightly waitress inquired.

"Yes," he replied. "Two eggs and a kind word."

The waitress brought the eggs and was moving away when the American stopped her. "What about the kind word?" he said.

The waitress leaned over and whispered, "Don't eat the eggs."—*The Furrow.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Arosemena—President of Panama—roll the *r*: *ah-rro"seh-may'nah.*

Justo—President of Argentina—as if spelled *hoo'sto.*

Liveright—book publisher—just two syllables: *liv'rite.*

Paez—President of Ecuador—two syllables: *pah'ess.*

Revell—book publisher—stress on *vell: ree-vell'.*

Reynall — book publisher — equal stress: *ray-nal.*

Saavedra Lamas—Argentine Foreign Minister, awarded Nobel Peace Prize — just *sah-vay'drah lah' mahss.*

Ubico—President of Guatemala—they say, *oo-bee'ko.*

Woof.—FIRST CLASSMAN: "Mister, what kind of ships do they stand dog watches on?"

FOURTH CLASSMAN: "A bark, sir."—*Annapolis Log.*

Spicy.—TEACHER: "Can any one tell me what happened after Napoleon mustered his army?"

PUPIL: "Yes, sir, he peppered the enemy and took the citadel by assault."

TEACHER: "Sit down, my lad. I'll have no sauce from you."—*Vancouver Province.*

Mutt.—"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog-rose and the dog-violet are well-known. Can you name another?"

There was silence, then a happy look illuminated the face of a boy at the end of the class.

"Please, Miss," he called out, proud of his knowledge, "collie-flowers."—*The Watchword.*

Spooks.—Rain lashed the windows of the lonely old castle, and the wind howled mournfully as the timid guest was escorted to his room up under the eaves. "Has—anything unusual ever happened in this room?" he asked hesitatingly of the very sinister-looking butler.

The butler grimaced. "Not for 40 years," he answered.

The guest heaved a sigh of relief. "What happened then?" he queried brightly.

The butler's green eyes glittered ominously. "A man who stayed here all night showed up in the morning!" he hissed—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Found—Pair glasses in case at F———'s Restaurant. Dr. S——— of T——— Lake on inside.—*Syracuse (N. Y.) paper.*

Anybody lost a doctor?

OFFICER FINED $100
IN EATING OF MAN
—*Jacksonville (Fla.) paper.*

Courts Cavil at Cannibalistic Constable.

He said the baby was a light green sedan which bore New Jersey license plates, and was sitting between the two men.—*Richmond (Ind.) paper.*

Sounds like they've motorized the infant.

A child learns that the plural of house is houses. Is it not reasonable for the child to suppose the plural of house is mouses?"—*Providence (R. I.) paper.*

Not if he's a really intelligent child.

K——— M———, thirty, former resident of P———, is believed somewhere in California to-night unaware he has been bitten by a rapid dog.—*San Francisco paper.*

But swift!

Two Hundred *Brides* Raised on Elevated Wire Platform to Prevent Wandering and Keep Them From Contact With Ground Diseases—First Venture of Its Kind in This Section.—*Little Falls (N. Y.) paper.*

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